



Kiss of Death

A Four-Part Story by STEPHEN COLE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

TEGAN: JANET FIELDING

Time traveller's companion.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Time traveller's former companion.

DEELA:

(F, 20s) Bright and attractive, but slightly brittle. She's deceiving her old flame Turlough by acting less resourceful and capable than she is – but still has feelings for him.

RENNOL:

(M 30s/40s) Intelligent and aloof, but still charming. Outwardly confident to hide fear and self-doubt. Might have been a hero... but went to the bad.

HOSS:

(F, 40s) Hard-nosed, disillusioned mercenary, smarter than her occupation might suggest. Capable and cool.

KANCH:

(M, 30s) A mercenary with no conscience, willing to kill quite casually. He's grimly cheery about what he does.

THE MORASS:

A living defence system, formed from sentient crystalline material. Now deranged by age and pain. When it speaks it is rasping and spiteful. It can impersonate the looks and voices of those who walk its catacombs, but imperfectly – when it reproduces voices of the regulars and guest cast, a rasp or degradation should be audible.

ALSO: ALIEN TOURISTS x 2; ALIEN PILOT (incomprehensible); SECURITY ROBOT.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2010

231163-15

PART ONE

1. INT. HOLIDAY APARTMENT

(FX: PATIO DOOR SLIDES OPEN. DISTANT ALIEN CICADAS)

TEGAN:

(ENTERING FROM OUTSIDE) It is *so* hot out there, Nyssa. Another cocktail? (FX: POURS)

NYSSA:

No thank you, Tegan.

TEGAN:

(SIPS, SIGHS) Marvellous, isn't it? Our own villa... synthetic sun just the right temperature...

NYSSA:

Yes, it's very relaxing.

TEGAN:

So quiet! You sort of get used to the TARDIS humming away in your ears, and when you're away from it for a while...

NYSSA:

I never imagined I'd hear it again, once I'd left.

TEGAN:

I was the same after that mess-up at Heathrow. Then when you're back on board it's like you were never away.

NYSSA:

I was away a little longer than you, Tegan. To see my face in the mirror in our room... You looking just the same, but *me*...

TEGAN:

You look great!

NYSSA:

The thing is, I feel just the same. Back in the old situations. The fear, the wonder. The love of it. I suppose some emotions don't change with the years.

TEGAN:

Hey. You're still Nyssa, however old you are. Always will be.

NYSSA:

(FOND) And you'll always be Tegan.

TEGAN:

Just a pity Turlough will always be Turlough!

2. INT. TARDIS: TURLOUGH'S ROOM

(FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS AT DOOR FROM OUTSIDE)

TURLOUGH:

(ON BED) Come in.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Turlough. Rise and shine, there's a good deal to do.

TURLOUGH:

Still? (FX: SWINGING OFF BED) We've been stuck here for days. How long before the TARDIS is working normally again?

DOCTOR:

Slippage in the Physical Vector Generators is a serious problem. She's not been the same since Terminus...

TURLOUGH:

(CLEARS THROAT) Yes, well. We've already spent two days and nights recalibrating the systems.

DOCTOR:

The problem's persisting, I'm afraid. Can't have parts of the TARDIS being left behind each time we take off. I'm going to have to try reformatting the interior dimensions.

TURLOUGH:

How long will *that* take?

DOCTOR:

As soon as you leave the TARDIS I can get started and find out.

TURLOUGH:

I... I'd sooner stay and help.

DOCTOR:

And if you could, I'd take full advantage. But a procedure like this requires the TARDIS to be free of all organic life – save for the operator.

TURLOUGH:

Can't I operate it for you?

DOCTOR:

You're not a Time Lord. (BEAT) Turlough, is everything all right?

TURLOUGH:

Of course. Why?

DOCTOR:

Well, Vektris is a leisure world. There are worse places to be temporarily stranded. Nyssa and Tegan are taking full advantage – but you've barely left the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:

I'm not interested in roasting myself in artificial sunlight. Besides, I thought you'd appreciate another pair of hands.

DOCTOR:

Of course. But now you have the perfect opportunity to get out and enjoy the sights. Here. (PASSING A CARD) Slot this card into one of the auto-taxis outside. It'll take you to where Tegan and Nyssa are staying.

TURLOUGH:

Oh, very well. (GETS UP) But we will get away from here soon, won't we?

DOCTOR:

As soon as it's safe to do so. (PAUSE) Turlough, if there *is* something wrong-?

TURLOUGH:

I told you... (SLOUCHES PAST) What could possibly be wrong?

3. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: QUIETLY, THE WIND MOANS OUTSIDE. THEN GENTLE PINGING OF A COMMUNICATOR. THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END IS SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED — IT'S ACTUALLY **DEELA**, BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT YET)

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Rennol. Wake up.

RENNOL:
(DROWSY) What? Oh. Still here.

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Oh, shame. Having to live in that grand old palace all by yourself.

RENNOL:
If I am all by myself.

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Been hearing ghosts again?

RENNOL:
Not hearing. Just a feeling... (SHIVERS)

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Is my fine athletic rationalist getting spooked?

RENNOL:
Getting frozen, for sure. It's so bleak here... half-ruined with neglect...

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Then be happy. Because I think we've found him.

RENNOL:
(ALERT NOW) You're still on Vektris?

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
Yes.

RENNOL:
And you are speaking on a secure channel — Voice encryption?

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:
What does it sound like?

RENNOL:
Because if a Trion repatriation squad's picked up on the same DNA data and catch us trying to — [interfere]

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:

Relax. No Trion ships currently in this sector. But there will be. His reading's gone through the roof. However he's been muffling his bio-signal, he's come out to play.

RENNOL:

Then it's almost over at last... all the waiting. The planning.

DEELA [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:

Better get ready. It's time to activate Turlough's old flame.

RENNOL:

The honey-trap. Oldest sting there is. One glimpse of his childhood sweetheart – and he'll be hooked.

4. INT. HOLIDAY APARTMENT

(FX: DOOR CHIME)

TEGAN:

(OFF) Nyssa! That'll be the pizza boy!

NYSSA:

(CROSSING TO DOOR) I'll get it.

TEGAN:

(OFF) Remember — hands off, he's mine...

NYSSA:

(FX: OPENING DOOR) Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

(ENTERING) Were you expecting someone else? (BEAT) Well, close the door.

(FX: DOOR CLOSED)

TEGAN:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) We were expecting lunch. What do you want?

TURLOUGH:

I missed you too, Tegan.

TEGAN:

You've got a face like a wet weekend — which doesn't go with my hot, dry holiday. Look at you, you've not even taken your tie off.

NYSSA:

Where have you been, Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

Keeping myself usefully employed, helping the Doctor fix the TARDIS and get us out of this hole.

TEGAN:

What do you mean, hole?

NYSSA:

It's not time to leave already, is it?

(FX: POURS DRINK)

TURLOUGH:

Sadly not.

TEGAN:

(CROSSING FLOOR) Good. 'Cos I'm not cooked yet. (FX: PATIO DOOR SLIDES OPEN) Back to the balcony... (FX: DOOR CHIME) Ah, that'll be him!

TURLOUGH:

That'll be who?

NYSSA:

The pizza delivery boy. There'll be plenty to share, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Oh. (FX: OPENING DOOR) Well, I suppose I am rather h-[ungry...]
(TRAILS OFF — STUNNED TO SEE, AT THE DOOR:)

DEELA:

Vizz?

TURLOUGH:

... Deela?!

DEELA:

I've been knocking on so many doors. Hoping I — hoping I wouldn't find you. I'm sorry. (SHE TURNS AND LEAVES, HURRYING AWAY) I'm sorry!

TURLOUGH:

Deela? Deela, don't go! (HE RUNS AFTER HER)

NYSSA:

(CALLING AFTER) Turlough? Are you all right?

TEGAN:

What was that about?

NYSSA:

I don't know.

TEGAN:

Well we'd better get after him. I mean, we have to make sure our friend is all right, don't we?

NYSSA:

You just want to spy on Turlough!

TEGAN:

Too right! This could be juicy! Now quick...

(FX: THEY EXIT)

5. EXT. VEKTRIS PLAZA

(FX: FADE UP. A BUSY SEASIDE STREET. ALIEN MUSIC BLARES FROM A RADIO. TOURISTS SHOP FOR SOUVENIRS. TURLOUGH IS RUNNING TO CATCH UP WITH THE GIRL — DEELA — FROM A SLIGHT DISTANCE)

TURLOUGH:

(GRABBING HOLD OF DEELA) Deela, will you wait!

DEELA:

Vizz, I told you...! Get back behind the postcard stand.

TURLOUGH:

First of all, no-one calls me 'Vizz' any more.

DEELA:

Get back — Junior Ensign Commander Turlough.

(FX: SHE PUSHES HIM BACK. CREAK AS THE POSTCARD CAROUSEL TURNS)

TURLOUGH:

I don't understand. We run into each other after years apart, and you suddenly can't wait to choose some tacky nick-nack from this tourist trap? ...

(THEY SPEAK TOGETHER:)

TURLOUGH & DEELA:

I can't believe you're really...

DEELA:

... here!

TURLOUGH:

Well, evidently, I am.

DEELA:

And what are you wearing?

TURLOUGH:

Oh, the uniform. They made me wear this on Earth. I keep it to remind myself — well, that I'm an outsider. I can't be close to anyone.

DEELA:

Just as well if you never change out of it. Earth was the first place Rennol searched for you. When he found you'd managed to leave...

TURLOUGH:

Who's Rennol? (GETTING FRUSTRATED) Why do keep you looking around?

DEELA:
You've got to leave.

TURLOUGH:
What?

DEELA:
You're in danger. I'm sorry, it's my fault. They're after you.

TURLOUGH:
I guessed the Trion Guard would've left DNA scanners in the surrounding systems – but the TARDIS should have shielded me to a degree...

DEELA:
They're not from Trion. (URGENT) D'you see the man over there? The balding man at the bar in the black leather. The only one standing.

TURLOUGH:
I'd imagine a jumpsuit that tight makes it hard to sit anywhere.

DEELA:
He's called Kanch. At least he hasn't seen us. Can't see Hoss, though...

TURLOUGH:
What's he look like?

DEELA:
She. They're mercenaries. They've had me locked up for days in their spaceship, picking up scans, losing them, just waiting 'til you showed up. They're using me to draw you out of hiding.

TURLOUGH:
Deela, I don't know what's going on, but my transport off this rock is about to be disabled and if I really am in danger...

HOSS:
(BEHIND THEM) Oh, you really are – Vislor Turlough.

DEELA:
Oh no.

TURLOUGH:
(SURPRISED) What? I... Who's Turlough?

HOSS:
Insult my intelligence again, boy, I'll show you I'm sharp enough to cut.

TURLOUGH:

From the leather and jumpsuit combination I'm assuming you must be Hoss?

HOSS:

Good. Sounding smarter already.

DEELA:

Don't hurt him, Hoss.

HOSS:

You think we wouldn't notice you warning the boy off? While you were watching Kanch, I thought I'd shop for some of these lovely souvenirs. But I think on balance I'll take the boy.
(CALLS) Kanch! Wonderful postcards here. Come and join us.

TURLOUGH:

Look, if it's money you want, I've got lots in my ship back at the spaceport.

HOSS:

Our ship's berthed at the spaceport too. We'll take you away from all this.

TURLOUGH:

Marched at gunpoint?

KANCH:

(APPROACHING) No, no, son. Carried discreetly... under sedation.

DEELA:

Kanch, don't-!

(FX: QUIET STAB OF INJECTOR)

TURLOUGH:

(GASP OF PAIN — THEN HE SLUMPS)

DEELA:

Vizz! Easy, I've got you.

KANCH:

Awww. In his sweetheart's arms again after all these years.

DEELA:

You've drugged him!

HOSS:

You can play nursemaid back in the ship. Now stop drawing attention to us.

KANCH:

(TO PASSERS-BY) It's all right, people! Ginger's just had one too many.

HOSS:

Boys will be boys. We'd better take him with us to sleep it off. (QUIETER) It's the last bit of peace he'll know. In this world, anyway.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

6. EXT. VEKTRIS PLAZA: A LITTLE WAY OFF

NYSSA:

(WALKING BRISKLY, CALLING OUT) Turlough! Turlough! (STOPS; TO TEGAN) It's no good, I can't see him anywhere.

TEGAN:

Or his mystery blonde. (BEAT) Hang on, what's happening at the taxi rank?

(IN BACKGROUND TREATED ALIEN TOURIST VOICES)

ALIEN TOURISTS:

Look at that human boy. Drunk already.
Disgusting.

NYSSA:

Turlough wasn't drinking!

TEGAN:

He looks completely out of it. Where are they taking him?
(STEPPING FORWARD) Hey. Turlough. Turlough!!!

NYSSA:

(BEHIND) Tegan, keep back. I think they've got [guns!]

(FX: DROWNED OUT BY A COUPLE OF LASER BOLTS, SHOT BY HOSS.
BEAT, THEN TAXI SETS OFF)

ALIEN TOURISTS:

Wha-? Was that a laser?
You let humans into a resort, and they always bring trouble.

NYSSA:

(RUSHING OVER) Tegan!

TEGAN:

Either they don't like the seagulls...

NYSSA:

Or that was a warning shot.

TEGAN:

They're getting clean away! Ugh, that Turlough. Shows his face for two minutes and the holiday's over in three. We've got to get after them.

NYSSA:

There's another taxi. (CALLING OUT) Taxi!

7. INT. SPACEPORT

(FX: FADE UP. THE DOCTOR IS BEING HARANGUED BY ALIEN PILOT BESIDE THE TARDIS)

ALIEN PILOT:
(IRATE TWITTERS)

DOCTOR:
Ah. Yes. I'm so sorry, I can't understand your language.

ALIEN PILOT:
(TWITTERS)

DOCTOR:
Ordinarily my ship would translate, but with the systems offline... *Your* ship? Ah. You've been blocked in. No, I'm afraid I don't know whose ship it is, it arrived a day or two ago, I think...

(FX: CROSS TO SEVERAL FEET AWAY — WHERE DEELA, KANCH AND HOSS CARRYING TURLOUGH TOWARDS THEIR SHIP)

DEELA:
Slow down, Hoss, please, you must be hurting him.

HOSS:
Stop whining, Deela. You'll both be fine if you do as you're told.

DEELA:
Until we reach the palace.

KANCH:
Better get them on board and locked up, Hoss. I'll start up the engines.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

DOCTOR:
It seems the ship in question belongs to the people over there. Perhaps you'd be better off talking to them?

ALIEN PILOT:
(TWITTERS 'THANKS' TO DOCTOR, THEN CALLS AFTER KANCH)

KANCH:
(OFF) I'll park where I like, mate.

ALIEN PILOT:
(OFF, FURIOUS TWITTERS CONTINUE UNDER:)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Wait a minute. That's Turlough-!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

KANCH:

Didn't you hear me? I said, butt out, bug-eyes. Or else.

DOCTOR:

(FROM OFF, COMING OVER) Excuse me. What do you think you're doing [with Turlough?]

HOSS:

Don't concern yourself, sir, the boy is fine. He's just had a little too much to drink, that's all.

DOCTOR:

Turlough? Drink?

DEELA:

Did he say - [Turlough?]

HOSS:

(HISSED) Deela, help me get him inside. (BEAT) Deela!

(FX: HOSS AND DEELA DRAG TURLOUGH UP RAMP)

DOCTOR:

Wait, please. What have you done to [him-?]

ALIEN PILOT:

(DROWNS OUT DOCTOR WITH RANTY TWITTERING)

KANCH:

I told you, bug-eyes, I'll park where I like. -

ALIEN PILOT:

(MORE RANTY TWITTERING)

DOCTOR:

(TO ALIEN) Please, out of my way. They've got my friend. They've got Turlough.

ALIEN PILOT:

(YET MORE RANTY TWITTERING)

KANCH:

Ohhh, I've had enough of this.

(FX: LASER BLAST)

ALIEN PILOT:
(SHRIEKS, SHOT DEAD)

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:
You shot him. You shot him, and he wasn't even armed!

KANCH:
I'd get out of my face, mate, unless you want the same.

DOCTOR:
Please — put down the gun. I'm the Doctor. Whatever you want with Turlough, we can settle it amicably, I'm sure.

KANCH:
I'm warning you, "Doctor", back off.

DOCTOR:
You gunned down the owner of that ship in cold blood. Security will already be on their way.

KANCH:
Then I've got nothing to lose, have I?

HOSS:
(OFF) Kanch, come on!

DOCTOR:
Let Turlough go!

(FX: LASER BLAST)

DOCTOR:
Agh!

KANCH:
Interfere again and it's not just the hat I blow off.

DOCTOR:
No, wait. This isn't [necessary!]

(FX: SHIP DOORS CLANG SHUT. ALARMS START BLARING)

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) There! You hear that? The spaceport is in lockdown, you can't take off. (BEAT; TO SELF) I hope.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

8. INT. SPACEPORT: ENTRANCE

(FX: SAY, FIFTY FEET AWAY: TEGAN AND NYSSA RUNNING UP IN B/G)

SECURITY ROBOT:

(FX: WHIRRING UP) Please clear this area. Access to spaceport is not permitted at this time.

TEGAN:

Out of our way, Metal Mickey – (SHOVES ROBOT)

SECURITY ROBOT:

(FX: SQUEAKY) Be aware, Vektris Leisure is not accountable in the event of death by misadventure.

TEGAN:

Yeah, yeah. (TO NYSSA) Can you see him? Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Turlough? No. (BEAT) But there's the Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING UP FROM OFF) Tegan? Nyssa! What are you doing here?

NYSSA:

We saw Turlough taken, Doctor.

TEGAN:

A man and – [two women]

DOCTOR:

Two women, yes. They've taken Turlough on board that warp jet. They're about to take off.

(FX: SEVERAL HEAVY SHIELDS SLAM DOWN, ONE CLOSE BY)

NYSSA:

The blast doors are closing!

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure those will stop them.

9. INT. HOSS'S SHIP: COCKPIT

(FX: ALARMS FROM OUTSIDE MUFFLED. ENGINE'S WHINE BUILDING)

KANCH:

(FX: SWINGING INTO COCKPIT CHAIR) C'mon — move it, Hoss!

HOSS:

(FX: FLICKING SWITCHES) Deela and the boy are locked in the hold. The boy's barely breathing.

KANCH:

Stop fussing. He won't die. Not before we've got what we want.

HOSS:

Engines primed, proton cannons at optimum..

KANCH:

Then let's blast our way out of here.

HOSS:

That man, the boy's friend. He's got company. Look!

KANCH:

Oh, 'the Doctor'. Doesn't matter. They'll all be fried in the backblast.

(FX: LEAP IN ENGINE PITCH. CUT TO:)

10. INT. SPACEPORT

(FX: ALARMS. JET ENGINE BUILDING. ALL SHOUTING OVER NOISE)

TEGAN:

If they take off while we're inside, we'll be toast!

NYSSA:

That's why the security robot was trying to clear the area.

TEGAN:

We've got to get the TARDIS!

DOCTOR:

We can't. The interior dimensions are in flux, we can't get inside. Come on, quickly. (SETS OFF AT JOG, TEGAN & NYSSA FOLLOW)

TEGAN:

(RUNNING) Towards the ship that's about to burn us to ashes?

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) To the ship blocked in behind it. Turlough's kidnappers killed its owner, he won't be needing it.

(FX: HUGE RETRO ROCKET NOISE)

NYSSA:

(TO STOP) How long do we have before that ship takes off?

DOCTOR:

(FX: ACTIVATING DOOR RELEASE ON SHIP) Seconds! Quickly, we've got to get on board...!

(FX: JETS FLARE. EXPLOSION. FADE)

11. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: AS **SCENE 3**, GENTLE PINGING OF A COMMUNICATOR. DEELA'S VOICE WHEN IT COMES IS SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED TO SOUND MORE MASCULINE)

RENNOL:
Rennol.

DEELA [SYNTHETIC VOICE]:
All done.

RENNOL:
Hoss and Kanch pulled it off?

DEELA [SYNTHETIC VOICE]:
Just as planned. How could Turlough resist his darling Deela?

RENNOL:
I'll prepare for his unhappy homecoming.

DEELA [SYNTHETIC VOICE]:
Do that. And have something cold and sparkling ready for when all this is over. Won't be long now.

12. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

NYSSA:

It's over. They've gone.

DOCTOR:

Is everyone alright? Tegan?

TEGAN:

I didn't think that shaking was ever going to stop.

NYSSA:

Doctor, the stresses on the hull from those blast jets...

DOCTOR:

Well, this ship ought to be able to withstand the force of planetary re-entry. But yes, we must find out if we're spaceworthy.

(FX: DOCTOR STARTS ACTIVATING CONTROLS. SWITCHES, BEEPS AND BLOOPS AS ENGINES WARM UP)

TEGAN:

By asking the flight computer?

DOCTOR:

No. By taking off ourselves and seeing if we manage to pull through the atmosphere.

TEGAN:

Wish I hadn't asked.

DOCTOR:

(STILL WORKING) We can't delay. Turlough's abductors already have a head start – I imagine they'll be in starwarp by now.

NYSSA:

Then how will we follow them?

DOCTOR:

Think about it, Nyssa. A star-warp – all that superheated plasma pushed out into space...

NYSSA:

Leaving a disturbance in the background radiation.

TEGAN:

A trail!

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Unfortunately, this is a mining ship, not exactly built for speed... In this particular race, I'm afraid we're the tortoise and Turlough's captors are the hare. Unless...

TEGAN:

I don't like the sound of that 'unless'.

DOCTOR:

(FURY OF FLICKING SWITCHES) We need more power. This ship is designed to hollow out asteroids. In zero gravity, harvesting minerals sheared from the rock can be messy, yes? Everything floating about in the void.

NYSSA:

So... it carries a local gravity field to weigh down the local environment where necessary?

DOCTOR:

Gravity wells, powered by the engines. Precisely. Now, if we could rechannel that power back into the engines...

TEGAN:

We'd go faster?

NYSSA:

Or the engines would explode.

DOCTOR:

We have to take that chance. I'll make the modifications in orbit I think – first we'd better take off from this spaceport.

TEGAN:

Why? It'll be crawling with security types, officials, space police any moment. People trying to help.

DOCTOR:

If we wait, we'll lose the trail. And we can't afford a delay. Turlough's abductors are killers. He should be safe while they need him. But once their aims are achieved...

NYSSA:

You'd better get to work.

(FX: WE HEAR THE DOCTOR PRESSING THE BUTTONS AND RESPONSIVE RUSH FROM ENGINES)

DOCTOR:

Drive systems on line. (FX: BLEEP) There! And with any luck the automatic pilot will...

(FX: POWER FLUCTUATION AS SHIP LURCHES SUDDENLY)

NYSSA/TEGAN:

(GASP/CRY OUT AS THE SHIP LURCHES)

DOCTOR:

... take us up. Strap yourselves in, you two. This could get a little – bumpy!!!

(FX: SHIP RATTLES AND CLANKS INTO FULL TAKE-OFF)

13. INT. HOSS'S SPACESHIP: HOLD

TURLOUGH:
(COMING ROUND) Oh... my head.

DEELA:
Vizz? Oh, thank Trion.

TURLOUGH:
Deela?

DEELA:
Here. Drink this. It should make you feel better.

TURLOUGH:
I couldn't feel much worse. (DRINKS) Where are we? What happened?

DEELA:
Hoss and Kanch happened. We're in the hold of their ship.

TURLOUGH:
Who are they?

DEELA:
They're working for a man named Rennol. He kidnapped me weeks ago.

TURLOUGH:
Weeks?!?

DEELA:
I've been tranquilised for most of it. Then your DNA-trace was picked up on Vektris, and Hoss and Kanch took me there. They waited days trying to get a proper fix on you...

TURLOUGH:
And when I came out of the TARDIS they got it. (SIGHS) What do these people want with me?

DEELA:
That's my Vizz... Only caring about himself.

TURLOUGH:
Should I care about you, after all that happened?

DEELA:
It's not my fault your family group chose the wrong side in the war.

TURLOUGH:

Proving my point. We never cared what was right or wrong in the old days, did we?

DEELA:

Only what was right for us. (PAUSE) I never imagined the two of us would ever be alone together again. Did you?

TURLOUGH:

(SOFTER) It's a far cry from our Bubble, isn't it?

DEELA:

Oh, Vizz. Back then you were the only thing that made sense in my life. Now... you're the only thing that can save it.

TURLOUGH:

What are you talking about?

DEELA:

Rennol knows about our Bubble. That's why he needs us. Both of us.

TURLOUGH:

But how could he know—?

DEELA:

He stole things from my father — documents, papers.

TURLOUGH:

(UNEASY) But why would this Rennol even care? (BEAT) I take it we're on our way to the winter planet right now?

DEELA:

Yes. Rennol's waiting for us in the palace.

TURLOUGH:

Home, sweet home.

14. INT. HOSS'S SPACESHIP: COCKPIT

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

KANCH:

Coming out of star-warp... now.

(FX: DRIVE SYSTEMS SLOW DOWN)

HOSS:

And there's Planet Turlough.

KANCH:

Call that a planet?

HOSS:

There's over a hundred rocks that size in this system, Kanch. Most of them owned by well-off Trions as stellar retreats, then abandoned at the start of the war. (BEAT) Rennol's signal came from here?

KANCH:

Yeah. And he's got a life-sign damper in the atmosphere so it looks like a dead world — keep the Trion Repatriation Squads away. Plus the palace has its own covered landing bay, so the ships won't show on any orbital scans.

HOSS:

Very thorough. What about that tap I put on his personal comms? You've been monitoring?

KANCH:

He's only used it to talk to us. Course, he might have another comms. Private, like...

HOSS:

He might. (BEAT) Well, take us down.

(FX: SHIP'S CONTROLS BLEEP, RETROS FIRE)

KANCH:

It's Rennol we should take down. This job's dragged on for weeks.

HOSS:

We've taken care of business in the downtime.

KANCH:

Local debt collecting? (SNORTS) Fact remains you couldn't buy an old maid on Domo for what he paid us up front for our services. If you work out the daily rate...

HOSS:

It will be worth it. If you could only read as well as you moan, you'd be able to study Rennol's stolen papers.

KANCH:

He says he nicked them from Deela's old man, but...

HOSS:

They are genuine. The computer date-checked.

KANCH:

Yeah, yeah, 'priceless treasure', something old, unique, blah blah. But why not say what it is?

HOSS:

Doesn't want it public knowledge, I suppose. In times of war, civilian assets are often confiscated. (IRRITABLY) You'd rather I didn't take the gamble? You want to be a mercenary grunt your whole life? Or do you want to make a real killing for a change?

KANCH:

You really think this could be the big one?

HOSS:

If it isn't, I'll let you get straight back to the killing you prefer. Rennol, Deela, the boy – they'll be all yours.

(FX: JUDDER IN SHIP'S ENGINES)

KANCH:

Taking her down.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

15. INT. HOSS'S SPACESHIP: HOLD

(FX: LANDING NOISE ENDS THROUGH:)

TURLOUGH:

All right, Deela. We're landing, they'll be coming for us. Once we're in the Palace, we can try to get away to the hidden door, then into the catacombs...

DEELA:

Vizz, if we try to run they'll shoot us down. They only need our lips, remember?

TURLOUGH:

I do remember. (BEAT) But if we could hide out in the palace catacombs, give them the slip, then double back and steal their spaceship...

DEELA:

Always the dreamer, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

You used to dream, too, Deela. What happened to make you stop?

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

HOSS:

All right, you two. Rennol's waiting. On your feet.

KANCH:

We're off to your fancy palace.

TURLOUGH:

It's not mine. It was sequestered by Deela's father when the war broke.

DEELA:

He secured it, Vizz. Protected it from looters. Better it at least stayed in the family than got wrecked.

HOSS:

Family? You two related then?

TURLOUGH:

Not by blood.

DEELA:

We belong to the same clan.

TURLOUGH:

Belonged. Your father tried to have me removed permanently the first chance he got. I was lucky to get away with exile. If he protected this place, Deela, he had his own reasons – nothing to do with family.

KANCH:

Oi! Spare us. Her old man might be no expert in removal. But we are.

HOSS:

So don't try anything – either of you. We're going to meet Rennol in the Great Hall.

KANCH:

And since it's your gaffe, ginger – you can lead the way.

16. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

(FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR IS BUSY AT CONTROLS. TENTATIVE BEEPS)

DOCTOR:

There! We'll try that... (FX: CONSOLE EXPLODES IN SPARKS)
Or... something else.

TEGAN:

How much longer is this going to take?

NYSSA:

The Doctor's constructing a whole new operating system for the engines, Tegan.

DOCTOR:

After working on the TARDIS these last few days, it's a little like giving up four-dimensional chess for a game of conkers.

(FX: REASSURING HUM)

DOCTOR:

Luckily, I've always been rather good at conkers.

TEGAN:

It's worked?

DOCTOR:

You sound surprised.

NYSSA:

(FX: PRESSING SCANNER CONTROLS) Now the scanners are back online, I have a likely course vector for Turlough's abductors. Reading zero-three-seven.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, can you programme that course? Use the keyboard to your left...

TEGAN:

(FX: BEEPS IN TIME) Zero... three... seven...

DOCTOR:

Press the blue button there and let's... (FX: ENGINES ACCELERATE WILDLY AS TEGAN HITS ENTER) Follow that spacecraft!!!

(FX: SHIP ZOOMS AWAY. FADE)

17. INT. PALACE: CORRIDOR/GREAT HALL

(FX: FADE UP. KANCH & HOSS HERDING TURLOUGH & DEELA ALONG. THE PALACE IS OLD, COLD AND ECHOING. TEETH-CHATTERING, SHIVERS ETC)

KANCH:

(WALKING) Oh, very posh. Always fancied a place like this. Sculptures. Nice drawings on the walls...

HOSS:

(WALKING) They're called paintings, Kanch.

KANCH:

(WALKING) All of that, yeah. (STOPS) This palace is an auction waiting to happen, Hoss. We'll need another ship to fit everything in. What about it, Ginger – you'll help us load up, right?

DEELA:

Don't rise to the bait, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

I thought you wanted to reach the Great Hall?

HOSS:

Good point. Keep moving.

(FX: ALL WALK ON)

DEELA:

(WALKING) I didn't think I'd ever see this place again, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

(WALKING) I've been trying to get home, fooling myself I could be happy if I could only make it back. That I could belong. But...

KANCH:

(TO STOP) But no-one cares.

HOSS:

Is the Great Hall through here?

TURLOUGH:

Yes. The doors are Majorican oak, you may find them a little stiff.

KANCH:

I doubt it. (EFFORT AS -)

(FX: KANCH KICKS THE DOORS OPEN)

TURLOUGH:

Yes, one usually tries the handle before one resorts to using one's boots?

HOSS:

Shut it, Ginger. (CALLING WHILE STEPPING INTO GREAT HALL)
Rennol? Rennol — we've brought Deela and the boy as agreed.

RENNOL:

(OFF) I can see. (FX: SCRAPE OF A CHAIR AS HE RISES AND
MEASURED FOOTSTEPS AS HE WALKS) Finally. The key has been
delivered. Now we can begin.

18. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

(FX: FADE UP. IN FLIGHT)

TEGAN:

Any change in course, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Not yet... wait. There's a disturbance in the background radiation. A big plasma spill.

DOCTOR:

Caused by some kind of manoeuvre, perhaps? Thank you, Nyssa. Time to put on the brakes!

(FX: BUTTONS PRESSED — ENGINES CALM)

TEGAN:

Oh, thank heavens. Is that an asteroid up ahead?

DOCTOR:

I think it's a planet.

NYSSA:

The planet where Turlough's been taken?

DOCTOR:

So it seems. The trail leads here. (BEAT) I'll take us in a little lower.

(FX: ENGINE NOISE ALTERS. FADE)

19. INT. GREAT HALL

HOSS:

Deela, Turlough – get inside.

KANCH:

(PUSHES THEM) Do as Hoss says.

RENNOL:

Yes, do. You don't want to argue with a gun like that in a hand like hers.

TURLOUGH:

I take it you're Rennol?

RENNOL:

Halquin Rennol, businessman and entrepreneur.

TURLOUGH:

And squatter.

RENNOL:

Not though choice, I assure you. Tracking you down has taken longer than anticipated. I've had to live in this primitive hovel for weeks.

KANCH:

Yeah, we take all the risks abducting the boy, while you take it easy.

RENNOL

I got you the girl, didn't I? And what do you mean, easy? Dismantling the defences around the palace was anything but. Force shields, stasis traps...

HOSS:

Deela's father's documents showed you where the defences were set.

RENNOL

I'm not an expert. That's why I hired you.

TURLOUGH:

You should've hired a cleaner while you were at it. The upholstery on the chairs has a pattern under all that dust, you know.

RENNOL:

You won't be sitting down, Turlough. Just kiss Deela.

DEELA:

What?

TURLOUGH:

I... I don't understand.

RENNOL:

(IMPATIENT) Kiss her, Turlough. I know that's the only way to open your "bubble".

KANCH:

And if her face isn't an incentive, how about my gun in yours?

TURLOUGH:

This is ridiculous! You can't just expect us to — [kiss]

DEELA:

(AWKWARD) Oh, come on, Vizz. Not so bad, is it? Sooner we do as they say, the sooner they'll let us go.

TURLOUGH:

But will they?

DEELA:

Old times. Come on, we each put one hand on the wall, turn in, and...

(THEY KISS BRIEFLY. A PREGNANT PAUSE [NOT CAUSED BY KISSING])

KANCH:

Well?

HOSS:

Nothing.

RENNOL:

Where is it? The dimensional vault? It's supposed to open.

TURLOUGH:

I don't know. The entrance used to appear beside the fireplace.

DEELA:

Maybe... our lips didn't touch for long enough?

KANCH:

Or maybe this is a trick.

TURLOUGH:

How could it be? You brought me here yourself!

RENNOL:

The power can't be getting through to the portal circuit...

(FX: QUIET BEEPING)

TURLOUGH:
What's that?

HOSS:
My wrist communicator's linked to the ship's computer. (FX:
HITS BUTTONS ON COMMS) Something's entered the planet's
approach zone.

KANCH:
We can't have been followed. We were in star-warp.

HOSS:
There's a ship in low orbit. Most likely scanning the surface.

DEELA:
A Trion ship?

HOSS:
Maybe Rennol taking down the security systems alerted somebody.

TURLOUGH:
(MUTTERS) Or else it's the Doctor...

RENNOL:
Relax. To any probing scanners, nobody's home, remember?

HOSS:
We're taking no chances. Kanch, get back to the ship and check
it out. If it's law enforcement, sit tight. Anyone else...

KANCH:
BOOM! Ha. I'm all over it. Me and a ground-to-air proton cannon
are like these two lovebirds — made for each other. (EXITS,
WHISTLING JAUNTILY)

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

DEELA:
(QUIET) I hope your friends didn't follow you, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:
(QUIET) So do I.

20. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

(FX: FADE UP. IN FLIGHT)

TEGAN:

It's all so white down there. Frozen. No sign of life.

DOCTOR:

I disagree. Look – signs of cultivation in the snowfields ahead. An estate, perhaps?

TEGAN:

And the lord of the manor must live right there. Look!

NYSSA:

A palace!

DOCTOR:

Magnificent, isn't it? Could use a little restoration, but...

(FX: PROTON CANNON BLAST HITS OUTSIDE OF SHIP. EXPLOSION. ALARM SENSORS SHRILL INSIDE COCKPIT)

TEGAN:

Whoa! What the...?

NYSSA:

That shot... came out of nowhere!

DOCTOR:

I'm a fool! I should've guessed they'd be prepared for anyone following.

NYSSA:

Turlough's abductors are in the palace?

DOCTOR:

Must be.

TEGAN:

Get us out of here!

(FX: POWER DISCHARGING IN ALARMINGLY NOISY FASHION. ATMOSPHERE WHINE RISING)

(OUR HEROES RAISE VOLUME OVER RISING NOISE)

DOCTOR:

I can't. The blast has crippled the drive systems. Nyssa, your readings...?

NYSSA:
Life support unstable.

TEGAN:
What?

NYSSA:
Scans and navigation off-line! We're flying blind.

DOCTOR:
We're not flying at all. We're falling. Strap yourselves in,
quickly. And brace yourselves. —

(FX: SCREAMING ENGINES REACH HIGHEST PITCH)

TEGAN:
We're going to crash!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

NYSSA:

Scans and navigation off-line! We're flying blind.

DOCTOR:

We're not flying at all. We're falling. Strap yourselves in, quickly. And brace yourselves. -

(FX: SCREAMING ENGINES REACH HIGHEST PITCH)

TEGAN:

We're going to crash!

(CUT TO:)

21. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: ROAR OF BORROWED SHIP COMING DOWN OVERHEAD)

HOSS:

Kanch didn't miss. Here comes that ship!

RENNOL:

Yes, straight for us!

DEELA:

What?!

TURLOUGH:

We need to take cover. The dining table, it's solid...

DEELA:

Or one of the archways.

HOSS:

Stay where you are. It's not going to hit us.

RENNOL:

(RISING PANIC) It is! It is!!

22. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

(FX: SHIP GOING DOWN FAST)

TEGAN:

(FX: STRAPPING SELF IN) What are our chances of making it through this in one piece?

DOCTOR:

Brave heart, Tegan.

TEGAN:

(GROANS) They're bad.

NYSSA:

Doctor, is there any crash protection?

DOCTOR:

Nothing as standard... Wait! The gravity wells. If we can cushion our fall by jettisoning sufficient gravitational mass.

NYSSA:

We can't!

DOCTOR:

The gravity wells are patched into the engine boosters, remember? (FX: HITS BUTTONS) I can reconfigure the outlet again, route it through to the ship's exterior.

NYSSA:

I mean, we can't risk it — the change in pressure could buckle the hull or split open the planet!

TEGAN:

We'll do that anyway when we hit.

DOCTOR:

Tegan's right. We have to take that chance. If I can make the adjustments and convince the computer to go along with it in time...

TEGAN:

Here comes the ground!

(FX: SHIP HITS GROUND WITH A WHOMPF! CUT HARD TO:)

23. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: SMASHING GLASS. DEBRIS FALLING)

(BEAT)

RENNOL:

(COUGHS) Hoss? Are you...?

HOSS:

(COUGHS) I've lived through worse than a window breaking over me, Rennol.

TURLOUGH:

(SUPRESSED SPLUTTER) Where did the ship come down?

HOSS:

The other side of the palace. They must've taken half the hillside with them.

RENNOL:

We could all have been killed!

HOSS:

Question is, has Kanch killed everyone on board? It looked like a mining ship. We parked beside one on Vektris. Kanch shot the owner.

RENNOL:

And his crew came after you for revenge?

HOSS:

Or Turlough's friend the Doctor came, hoping to pull off a rescue.

TURLOUGH:

Some hope. —

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, A SMALL TREMOR THROUGH THE PALACE. JUDDERING OF FURNITURE. MORE DEBRIS)

DEELA:

Can you feel that?

RENNOL:

What?

DEELA:

Like... I don't know, a little like shockwaves.

HOSS:

You saw how hard that ship hit.

RENNOL:

I've been feeling them for days, on and off.

DEELA:

Yes, it's a different sort of tremor. Like... it's coming from inside the palace.

(FX: ANOTHER SMALL TREMOR)

TURLOUGH:

There is something.

HOSS:

Just aftershocks. How old is this place – hundreds of years?

TURLOUGH:

(DISTRACTED) Almost a thousand.

HOSS:

Probably ready to come crashing down around our ears.

RENNOL:

So let's get what we came for. Deela – kiss Turlough again.

DEELA:

But you saw what happened.

HOSS:

Or didn't happen.

RENNOL:

Do it. That jolt to the foundations might have shaken awake the power systems.

TURLOUGH:

Oh, very scientific.

RENNOL:

More than you realise. (BEAT – THEN ANGRY) I want that "bubble" opened!

TURLOUGH:

Look, there's nothing in there of any value. If there was, I'd have stolen it myself, long ago!

RENNOL:

Clearly, there's something in there you missed.

DEELA:

(BRISK) Vizz, come on, let's just do it. Hand on the wall, and... (SHE KISSES HIM)

(BEAT)

HOSS:

Nothing. Try again.

DEELA:

(KISSES TURLOUGH AGAIN. BEAT) Why isn't it working?

TURLOUGH:

I don't know.

HOSS:

But you must've built this vault?

TURLOUGH:

No. I... adapted it. Augmented the entry coder.

HOSS:

Augmented it how? (PAUSE) Tell us!

TURLOUGH:

Originally it was primed to accept the DNA of my great-grandfather. As one of his descendants, my DNA was a good enough match. So I reprogrammed it to accept only a random mingling of my DNA and...

HOSS:

... Deela's.

RENNOL:

(SNEERS) How very adolescent.

TURLOUGH:

That's exactly what we were.

DEELA:

A second kiss sealed the Bubble off again.

HOSS:

Very sweet. But I want to know exactly how this handy dimensional vault you "augmented" came to be here. So come on, boy – start talking.

24. INT. BORROWED SPACESHIP

(FX: AFTERMATH OF CRASH. SMASHED CONTROLS SPARK AND FIZZ SPASMODICALLY)

NYSSA:

(FX: RELEASING SEATBELT) Ohhh...

TEGAN:

You all right, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

I think so. You?

TEGAN:

Nothing seems to be broken... (FX: RELEASES SEATBELT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Yes, I'm all right. (FX: RELEASES SEATBELT)

TEGAN:

All right? Credit where credit's due, you're amazing — you did it!

(FX: SUPPORT STRUT COLLAPSES CLOSE BY WITH RENDING OF METAL)

TEGAN:

Agh! But you'll spoil it a bit if you kill us.

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) Hull integrity's been compromised in the crash. The ship's collapsing.

TEGAN:

(GETTING UP) Least that's given us a short cut out to the surface.

NYSSA:

Then let's take it. Quickly.

DOCTOR:

I agree.

(FX: DOOR GRINDS OPEN. THEY STAGGER OUT OF SHIP INTO:)

25. EXT. FROZEN PLANET SURFACE

(FX: OUTDOORS AMBIENCE. EERIE WIND)

TEGAN:
It's freezing out here!

NYSSA:
We're not exactly dressed for it.

DOCTOR:
Careful. The gravity's lighter than we're used to. Of course that could be lingering traces from the emptied wells. (FX: JUMPS ONTO SNOWY GROUND, FOLLOWED BY TEGAN)

TEGAN:
(STEADYING SELF) Are the wells those big tube things?

DOCTOR:
Yes, though the gravity generators inside are relatively small... Here, Nyssa, let me help you down from there.

NYSSA:
There's no need.

TEGAN:
The ground's icy. Doesn't feel too steady. But that might just be my legs.

NYSSA:
(CLIMBING DOWN FROM SHIP) It does feel unsteady...

(FX: NOISE OF TREMORS — COMES AND GOES THROUGHOUT)

NYSSA:
Doctor! The ground's splitting.

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) The gravity buttresses must've weakened the whole area — it's giving way. Run, Tegan. Get back from the ship.

TEGAN:
(BACKING OFF) What about you?

DOCTOR:
We'll be joining you. Come on, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
Doctor, the ice, it's cracking open...

(FX: GROUND COLLAPSES)

NYSSA:
(FALLING) I'm falling...!

TEGAN:
Nyssa! (SHE STARTS FORWARD)

DOCTOR:
Tegan, stay back.

TEGAN:
How far has she dropped? Maybe there's a ledge. Maybe...

DOCTOR:
She's still falling. (BEAT) Thankfully, she's falling slowly.

TEGAN:
What?

DOCTOR:
More of that displaced gravity from the wells.

NYSSA:
(CALLING FROM BELOW) I'm all right.

TEGAN:
We must get down there, get her out.

DOCTOR:
I'll go. Wait for us here, we may need your help climbing up again.

TEGAN:
I want to come!

DOCTOR:
Too risky. The local gravity field will be in flux down there. It's reducing our weight right now, but it could shift and crush us at any second.

TEGAN:
(SULKY) Fine. Get going. Good luck.

DOCTOR:
Thank you. (CALLING DOWN) Nyssa! Are you all right? Can you hear me?

NYSSA:
(FROM BELOW) Yes. I can see solid ground. There are tunnels down here. Partly caved in, but... passable I think.

DOCTOR:

Wait for me there. (TO TEGAN) See you shortly, Tegan. (TO SELF)
Now, one small step for a Time Lord... but one giant LEAP... (JUMPS
INTO THE CHASM)

26. INT. GREAT HALL

HOSS:

Come on, boy. We're waiting. Tell us about your 'bubble'.

TURLOUGH:

The dimensional vault was a secret part of the palace architecture. Hoss. I've no idea how old it is.

RENNOL:

(KNOWINGLY) Haven't you?

TURLOUGH:

My father certainly didn't know anything about it. I only stumbled upon it myself when Deela was researching our clan's history and discovered some of my great-grandfather's old journals.

DEELA:

He was a real black sheep. Where you get it from, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

Great-grandfather helped set up a smuggling operation. He was storing contraband for space pirates in the ultimate safe house...

HOSS:

A pocket dimension?

TURLOUGH:

Don't ask me how a Trion had access to that kind of technology back then. He shouldn't have done. Either he was a visionary inventor –

RENNOL:

Or he stole alien tech.

DEELA:

That's the likeliest explanation.

TURLOUGH:

His own great-grandfather was an ambassador to alien worlds in Trion's colonial era, a member of the Royal Court. Building our colonies had upset a lot of other space powers...

DEELA:

By the time the Arar-Jecks had fought their way to Trion's borders, this ambassador had done defence deals with many species – so there are clear links.

TURLOUGH:

Anyway, I didn't care about any of that at the time. All I knew was that Deela and I were the only two people alive who knew about my great-grandfather's secret.

DEELA:

The old boy tried to double-cross the smugglers, and they killed him for it.

HOSS:

But if you didn't understand the technology, how did you adapt the entry coder?

TURLOUGH:

You don't have to understand the insides of a computer to make it work, do you? I'm not saying it was easy to get the vault open, but...

DEELA:

We translated the interface codes...

TURLOUGH:

And I found the hidden portal controls. Two hundred years old, at least.

RENNOL:

The technology behind them is far older...

TURLOUGH:

Who knows? Or cares.

DEELA:

The portal appeared there, beside the fireplace. It opened onto a circular space as large as this room. Sort of... pale and translucent. Shimmering like crystal. We felt so safe inside.

RENNOL:

I'm sure you miss it terribly.

TURLOUGH:

It was a good place to go to escape the boring world, a place our elders and betters didn't know existed. That's all. No magic, no great secrets.

HOSS:

Does his story tally with your own intelligence, Rennol?

RENNOL:

Oh... Near enough. (HE STEPS CLOSER TO TURLOUGH) Where are the hidden controls for the portal, Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

It's... a virtual interface. If the power supply is damaged we can't access them.

(FX: LASER BLAST. NEARBY TAPESTRY BURSTS INTO FLAME)

HOSS:

That was a warning shot. A tapestry instead of your head. Lie to us again...

DEELA:

One of the stones pulls out from the wall.

TURLOUGH:

(ANGRY) Deela!

DEELA:

This one. The workings are built in behind. That's why we had to touch the wall, it connects to our own bodies to measure the genetic transfer.

RENNOL:

Hoss, help me move the stone.

(FX: EFFORT — PULLING HEAVY STONE FROM WALL)

HOSS:

(DONE) Well, the circuitry doesn't look too exotic.

TURLOUGH:

The lash-up you see to the fore is my handiwork.

RENNOL:

Then you're well-placed to repair it.

HOSS:

Kanch has a toolset on board the ship. I'll call him and get him to bring them. And then you'd better get the vault open before the sun is up, boy. If you can't, your next kiss comes from the end of my gun.

27. INT. CAVED-IN CATACOMBS

(FX: EERIE ATMOSPHERE DOWN HERE. WIND BLOWING AND FAINT RUMBLING VOICE. THESE WORDS SHOULDN'T BE EASILY DECIPHERABLE HERE — THEY ARE THE FIRST INDICATION OF THE MORASS FORMING, PERHAPS CHANGING SPEED AS THEY GO)

MORASS:

Enemy strike... STRIKE LANDED. Going to war footing. Prepare for absorption.

(FX: WHISPERS REPEATED QUIETLY UNDER REST OF SCENE)

NYSSA:

Hello? Is anyone there?

DOCTOR

(CALLING FROM ABOVE) Nyssa!

NYSSA:

(LOOKING UP) Doctor, I'm here!

DOCTOR:

(COMING DOWN) Are you hurt?

NYSSA:

(LOOKING UP) No, I landed lightly... Watch out, there are stalagmites stretching up nearer the ground. I caught hold of one and used it to break my fall.

DOCTOR:

Where...? Ah, yes. (EFFORT AS HE DOES THE SAME) And then, drift to the ground... (LANDS) ... as gently as a leaf in autumn.

NYSSA:

If only autumn leaves could drift back up again.

DOCTOR:

While we still weigh so little, perhaps we can jump and... (JUMPS — LANDS AGAIN, NORMALLY) Ah.

NYSSA:

We're normal weight again. If that had happened a few moments sooner while you were on your way down...

DOCTOR:

That's why I asked Tegan to wait for us.

NYSSA:

I'm not sure it's any safer up there. If whoever shot us down comes looking... poor Tegan's alone.

DOCTOR:

I didn't want to leave her. (FX: SLIGHT TREMOR, AS IN PREVIOUS PALACE SCENE) The question is, are WE alone?

NYSSA:

That scraping sound. It seems to be coming from the rock.

DOCTOR:

Tectonic activity? Hmm. There's definitely a vibration of some kind. Can you feel it?

NYSSA:

Yes. But is it natural or artificial?

DOCTOR:

Good question. It could be coming from some sort of power source. Perhaps these catacombs are in use? Given their proximity to the palace...

NYSSA:

One of these tunnels might lead there.

DOCTOR:

Or even back to the surface. You must have seen the walls of this chasm – they're sheer. There's no way we can climb out.

NYSSA:

I agree.

DOCTOR:

Time for an expedition, then. Splendid. (CALLING UP) Tegan! I've found Nyssa. She's all right. We're going to look into these catacombs and try to find a way back up to you. [...]

(FX: CROSS TO:)

28. EXT. FROZEN PLANET SURFACE

DOCTOR:

(FX: DISTANT, FROM BELOW) [...] Stay close to the ship. We'll be as quick as we can.

TEGAN:

(SHOUTS BACK) All right! Be careful! (TO SELF) Stay close? I'll stay inside — I'm frozen solid out here. Please let whoever owned this wreck have left some warm clothes on board.

(FX: SHE STEPS TENTATIVELY INSIDE THE CRASHED SHIP — LOUD PROTESTING CREAK OF METAL)

TEGAN:

And please don't let anything fall on top of me before I find them!

29. INT. GREAT HALL

KANCH:

(CALLING FROM CORRIDOR, OFF) Hoss? Hoss! Which way is it again? These tools weigh a ton!

HOSS:

In here, Kanch!

RENNOL:

Finally.

(FX: AS KANCH APPROACHES:)

DEELA:

(QUIET) Thought he'd found the hidden way into the catacombs for a minute, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

(QUIET) If we can only get there...

DEELA:

(QUIET) We don't need to. If we do as they say they'll let us go.

TURLOUGH:

(QUIET) Look at them! The queen of space trash, a frustrated fop who looks ready for a nervous breakdown and...

KANCH:

(WALKING UP) Here's the tools... (FX: DROPS TOOLS NOISILY)

TURLOUGH:

(QUIET) ... that maniac!

RENNOL:

You nearly brought that ship down on our heads, Kanch. Almost got us killed.

KANCH:

No 'almost' with me, Rennol. If I wanted you killed — you would be. (BEAT) Vault not open yet?

HOSS:

Obviously not.

RENNOL:

But we have uncovered the portal generation interface.

HOSS:

The controls that the kissing key unlocks.

TURLOUGH:

For all the good it does. You can see the circuitry is largely crystalline. It was decaying when I altered it last time, and now...

RENNOL:

The circuitry ought to regenerate itself. In his notes, Deela's father is most emphatic about that.

TURLOUGH:

He's always emphatic – never more so than when he's wrong.

HOSS:

Well if it won't repair itself you'll have to do it. (PAUSE)
Now.

KANCH:

Or the girl gets hurt. (GRABS DEELA)

DEELA:

(GASPS, GRABBED BY KANCH) Please, Vizz!

TURLOUGH:

I can't!

DEELA:

At least try!

TURLOUGH:

You can't hurt her, Kanch. Not if you want to get into the vault.

KANCH:

I'll leave her face alone. But the rest...

HOSS:

Oh, leave her be, Kanch. Gallantry doesn't come easily to this one. It's his own skin he cares about. (GRABS TURLOUGH BY THROAT) Ian't that right, Ginger?

TURLOUGH:

(CHOKING) Please, let go...

HOSS:

And if he wants his skin to keep fitting he'll get on with repairing the circuit NOW. (RELEASES HIM)

TURLOUGH:

(PANTING) All right. All right!

DEELA:

(AGGRIEVED) Oh, so now you'll help?!?

TURLOUGH:

I... I'll start by testing the holo-cell circuits with your charge-driver...

(FX: HE GETS TO WORK)

HOSS:

To be on the safe side, Kanch, I think we'd better check out the wreck of that ship you brought down.

KANCH:

Loot it, you mean?

HOSS:

No, to be sure everyone aboard is dead and that no one's heading this way with a grudge and a big gun. (BEAT) Remember, any survivors will be friends of Ginger's. To us, expendable. But to him...

RENNOL:

Yes. We might yet find a way to increase Turlough's enthusiasm for the job in hand...

30. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA ARE FEELING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ICY TUNNELS. THE GRATING WHISPERS ARE HERE, SLOWLY GROWING LOUDER AND LEGIBLE)

MORASS:

War footing. Impact absorbed. Invaders. Morass. Absorbing.

(FX: LOOP, UNDER:)

NYSSA:

(WALKING) Doctor...

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Yes, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(WALKING) None of these passages are leading upward to the surface...

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) No. Not yet, anyway.

NYSSA:

(STOPPED) And that sound seems louder. I'm not convinced it's down to the gravity field permeating the rock.

DOCTOR:

Neither am I.

NYSSA:

It's too regular. Like a message. A repeated message.

DOCTOR:

A repeated message? Interesting. There's something else: it seems to be getting lighter.

NYSSA:

You're right.

DOCTOR:

The ice in these catacombs would appear to have some rather peculiar properties.

NYSSA:

Luminescence?

DOCTOR:

That's one. Now, feel the wall here. Feel the ice.

NYSSA:
Cold. Wet.

DOCTOR:
And?

NYSSA:
A... sort of tingling.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Possibly a kind of molecular oscillation, producing the charge of light – a part of the design of these catacombs. Judging from the striations in the rock at regular intervals I'd hazard a guess the passages didn't form naturally. They were mined out by machines.

NYSSA:
I see what you mean.

DOCTOR:
It's just a pity whoever built them didn't put up a few road signs while they were about it.

(FX: AT THIS POINT MORASS WORDS GET LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD –
THOUGH STILL VERY DISTORTED)

NYSSA:
Do you think this repeated message is anything to do with the molecular oscillation, Doctor? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Ssh, I'm trying to listen.

MORASS:
... Absorbing. Morass. Absorbing. ...

NYSSA:
Sounds like it's saying... 'absorbing morass'. A morass of what?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. But what if that noise is being made by some kind of life form, using the ice as a medium to speak through?

NYSSA:
Well, why would you think that?

DOCTOR:
Because I'm looking at that life form now.

31. INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP

TEGAN:

(PUTTING A COAT ON) Guess a coat's a coat, whatever it smells like. Ugh.

(FX: CLATTER FROM OUTSIDE — HOSS AND KANCH EXPLORING WRECKAGE)

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) And a scary noise is just a scary noise until...

(FX: DOOR WRENCHED ASIDE)

KANCH:

(OFF) Gaw! Made a mess of this old tug, didn't I, Hoss?

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) ... until you know you've got company.

HOSS:

(OFF) We search it. From top to bottom.

KANCH:

(OFF) Come on. No one could've survived a crash like this! It's caved in half the hillside.

HOSS:

(OFF) We'll know for sure when we've found the bodies.

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) Well, you're not finding mine. (MOVES OFF, FURTIVELY)

32. INT. GREAT HALL

RENNOL:
Any progress, Turlough?

TURLOUGH:
Not yet.

DEELA:
Why isn't the system responding?

RENNOL:
You hear that? Deela wants this all over. She wants to go home.

TURLOUGH:
I don't have a home to go to and you've most likely murdered my friends. Where do I go, Rennol?

RENNOL:
That'll be down to you.

TURLOUGH:
(SIGHS) I don't know what's wrong. It's possible my adaptation has led to some kind of power seepage.

DEELA:
But it's only been a few years since we used it last.

TURLOUGH:
(INSTANT) Three-and-three-quarter years. (EMBARRASSED) Give or take.

RENNOL:
I wonder if you're telling me the truth about these systems.

TURLOUGH:
Do you?

RENNOL:
Look at these. (FX. BIP! WHIRRRR) Schematics stolen from Deela's father. Wiring diagrams, right?

TURLOUGH:
Not a design I recognise.

RENNOL:
There's a power source marked here – right? But it bears zero resemblance to that circuit. So how do you explain it?

TURLOUGH:

(ANGRY) I don't know where your wiring diagram comes from! This is the only circuit I'm aware of, here in the wall. There could well be other systems behind it, and that could be where the power to the portal generator has seeped into – but this is the interface I used to gain access to the Bubble.

(FX: DISTANT CRASH – HEAVY LIKE ROCK SMASHING TO THE GROUND, MUFFLED)

DEELA:

What was that?

RENNOL:

(UNNERVED) Just... Hoss and Kanch. Must be them coming back.

TURLOUGH:

That vibration in the floor. I can still feel it...

RENNOL:

Shut up. And remember I have my own gun. Keep working on that circuit. (CROSSES TO DOOR. CALLS) Hoss? Kanch, is that you?

(DEELA MOVES CLOSER TO TURLOUGH. THEY SPEAK QUIETLY)

DEELA:

(SOTTO) Vizz, were you really going to let Kanch hurt me?

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) I'm sorry if it seemed that way. I... I just wanted them to see they couldn't push me and you around.

DEELA:

(SOTTO) You never were a good liar.

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Listen. If there IS some great treasure in the vault, why should they have it?

DEELA:

(SOTTO) You mean you CAN open the Bubble?

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Whatever's in there, whatever we missed before – I think we deserve first crack at it, don't you?

DEELA:

(SOTTO) We? You and me? Like in the old days?

RENNOL:

(WALKING UP) What're you two whispering about?

DEELA:

I'm just trying to help him. (THEN LOWER, TO TURLOUGH) When you do get it working... d'you think the portal will open on the first kiss?

TURLOUGH:

It's been some time. It may take several goes.

(A BEAT; THEN —)

DEELA:

(SOFTLY) Good.

33. INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP

(FX: METAL SHOVED ASIDE)

KANCH:

Reckon that's the whole ship, Hoss-boss, and we haven't trodden on anything nasty.

HOSS:

Maybe not. But someone's been treading ice in here.

KANCH:

What?

HOSS:

Footprints, see? Still wet.

KANCH:

Well — they must be ours.

HOSS:

Except that neither of us is wearing heels.

KANCH:

Survivors? Where're they hiding?

HOSS:

We'll soon see. (CALLS) In ten seconds we're going to destroy this spaceship. Ten. Nine. Eight. Kanch, prime the frag grenade. Seven. Six. Five.

TEGAN:

(OFF, METAL ECHO) (TO SELF) Oh, rabbits! (ALoud, STEPPING OUT FROM OFF) All right! All right, I'm coming out. —

KANCH:

Ohh, she was in the gravity well! Clever.

HOSS:

You. Come forward. What's your name?

TEGAN:

Tegan Jovanka.

HOSS:

Where are your associates, Tegan?

TEGAN:

Dead.

HOSS:

Is that so.

TEGAN:

The Doctor was killed on Vektris when you took off. My friend Nyssa got out, but slipped and fell down that crevasse.

HOSS:

How unfortunate. All of you dying for one solitary, snot-nosed boy.

TEGAN:

What have you done with Turlough?

HOSS:

Put him to work. Something of a first, I'd imagine. Oh, and just in case you only imagined the fate of your friend – Kanch, frag the ship, just to be on the safe side.

KANCH:

Fragging it. Thirty second fuse.

(FX: BLEEP. HE THROWS GRENADE, RATTLES INTO FUSELAGE)

TEGAN:

Do what you want. Just take me to Turlough.

KANCH:

This way. (BEAT) I'd shift if I were you. When that thing goes up there's going to be a mighty big bang.

34. INT. CATACOMBS

MORASS:

Data assimilating. Power charging.

NYSSA:

(HORROR) Look at it. Is it... a man?

DOCTOR:

Humanoid certainly. In this light, through the ice, it's hard to be any more accurate.

NYSSA:

His mouth is moving... Can he be alive in there? Cryogenics might be able to preserve the body...

DOCTOR:

While he's still conscious? I don't know. As I said, this ice has some very interesting properties.

(FX: ENORMOUS BLAST FROM ABOVE RATTLES THE CATACOMBS — THE CRASHED SPACESHIP GOING UP. DEBRIS FALLS FROM ROOF)

NYSSA:

What was that?

MORASS:

(CLEARER NOW — AND EVEN SCARIER) War footing. War footing.

DOCTOR:

It came from above ground. Whatever it was, he seems to have found it disagreeable.

MORASS:

Absorbing. Morass, I shall be. Morass, we shall be. Morass, they shall be.

DOCTOR:

Or perhaps the reverse. Drawing energy from the percussive impact moving through the rock.

(FX: POWER START UP — LIGHTS ARE COMING ON)

NYSSA:

Doctor! The light!

DOCTOR:

Yes. Cover your eyes, Nyssa!

NYSSA:

It's everywhere!

DOCTOR:

The ice crystals seem to be transmitting [energy.]

(FX: DROWNED OUT AS PART OF THE ICE WALL EXPLODES. SKITTERING SHARDS OF ICE)

NYSSA:

Doctor! The ice, it's cracking open!

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'd stand back if I were you.

(FX: EXPLOSION AS ICE WALL BURSTS AGAIN. MORE ICE EXPLOSIONS MORE QUIETLY, ELSEWHERE IN THE STEREO FIELD.)

NYSSA:

Are we under attack?

DOCTOR:

It would seem so.

35. INT. GREAT HALL

TURLOUGH:

(TO SELF) (FX: TURNING MECHANISM) Come on, turn. Turn!

DEELA:

What is it?

RENNOL:

What have you found?

TURLOUGH:

That power seepage. Something's getting through – a little of this decay has self-repaired –

RENNOL:

... but?

TURLOUGH:

... but, the bulk of the energy's being diverted. That schematic of yours really must relate to some other power source Deela's father found here.

DEELA:

In the wall, you mean?

TURLOUGH:

Or beneath the floor... into the catacombs.

RENNOL:

A back-up power generator?

DEELA:

Could be the cause of the vibration. And it feels to be getting stronger.

TURLOUGH:

It doesn't really matter. The point is, if I can trap a little of the regenerating energy and loop it round the circuit, build the power that way...

RENNOL:

And can you?

TURLOUGH:

I need access to this lattice at the back, but this metal load-plate is blocking it. (STRAINS) It won't budge. Rennol, you want whatever's inside so much – why don't you try to shift it?

RENNOL:

Of course. Tell you what, I'll just put away the gun, turn my back to you and let you overpower me. (HARD) We'll wait for Hoss and Kanch.

DEELA:

You said that crashing noise was them coming ages ago. So where are they?

RENNOL:

They'll be here.

(DISTANTLY WE HEAR KANCH AND HOSS BRINGING TEGAN)

TEGAN:

(FROM CORRIDOR, STRUGGLING) Get your hands off of me!

HOSS:

(FROM CORRIDOR, APPROACHING) Stop wriggling and we might.

RENNOL:

(RELIEVED) See?

TEGAN:

(SHOVED IN) I am not – wriggling!

KANCH:

(ARRIVING) Hey – look what we found, hiding in the wreckage.

TURLOUGH:

Tegan! You're all right!

TEGAN:

Oh, Turlough. Am I glad to see you.

TURLOUGH:

You are?

RENNOL:

Hoss, was it you who made that crashing noise?

HOSS:

We blew up the wreck of their ship.

RENNOL:

This sounded like it was inside. Something heavy falling.

HOSS:

Knocked over by the impact, perhaps. Kanch, you'd better search the palace properly. Maybe Tegan's friends aren't as dead as she makes out.

TURLOUGH:
Dead?!

KANCH:
Hope not. (FX: LOCKS AND LOADS) Be as quick as I can. But long enough to enjoy it. (FX: EXITS)

TURLOUGH:
Tegan, do you mean that the Doctor, Nyssa...?

TEGAN:
(HEAVILY) They'll never see their native Earth again.

TURLOUGH:
I... see.

TEGAN:
That's why I'm wearing this... special coat of mourning. Brave heart, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
(PLAYING ALONG, SAD) Yes, of course. Thank you.

36. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: THINGS SHAKING, DEBRIS FALLING, ICE BURSTS IN THE CATACOMBS AS BEFORE)

NYSSA:

Doctor, these tunnels are going to shake themselves apart.

DOCTOR:

Not only shaking. (FX: TRICKLING WATER) Feel the ice here.

NYSSA:

It's melting! The man in the ice — you can see him!

DOCTOR:

The power must be increasing. But power from where, what's causing this?

MORASS:

(PAINED, HOARSE) Morass. Absorbing. Invaders. Absorbing. Morass.

NYSSA:

The ice all around him. It's boiling away. Doctor, we must try to help.

DOCTOR:

Let me see. (PUSHES FORWARD) The ice isn't only boiling around him. It's boiling out of him.

NYSSA:

The ice was inside his body?

DOCTOR:

Sustaining him, somehow...

(FX: MAN'S BODY FALLS WITH WET THUD. DOCTOR AND NYSSA CROUCH TO SEE)

NYSSA:

Well, it's not sustaining him any more. Poor creature, he's dead.

DOCTOR:

And already rotting. (STRAIGHTENS) This chamber holding him in the ice-wall. What do you make of it?

NYSSA:

Are those... wires at the back?

DOCTOR:

Connectors of some kind. I wonder... if I just reach out and...
['touch them -']

(FX: ELECTRIC CRACKLE)

DOCTOR:

(CRIES OUT, SHOCKED BY POWER)

NYSSA:

Doctor!

37. INT. GREAT HALL

HOSS:

Well, while we wait for Kanch to get back, Rennol – what's been happening?

RENNOL:

Turlough claims to have found the circuit that's drawing off power and blocking our entry.

TEGAN:

Entry to what?

TURLOUGH:

A dimensional vault. Like an invisible pocket in reality.

TEGAN:

Is that why they kidnapped you – to open the door to this vault thing?

TURLOUGH:

They think there's some great treasure hidden inside.

HOSS:

We'll be seeing what's hidden inside your friend's skull if you don't get a shift on. And won't that make a mess of her 'coat of mourning'?

TURLOUGH:

I've told Rennol, there's a metal plate obstructing the lattice. I can't move it. (HE STRAINS AGAIN) See?

RENNOL:

All right, step away. Now Hoss is here, I'll try.

HOSS:

No, Rennol. First, let the girl have a go. In case Turlough thought to spring a trap on the next person who volunteered. (PUSHES HER) Go on.

TURLOUGH:

It's all right, Tegan.

TEGAN:

I'm just glad I'm wearing this big old coat...

RENNOL:

What are you...? She's up to something!

TEGAN:

Think there's something up my sleeve? Well, I hate to disappoint you... (FLOURISHING METAL BAR) ... but you're right!

RENNOL:
It's only a metal bar.

HOSS:
No. It's the generator tube from a gravity well.

TEGAN:
And I'll use it if I have to. (FX: WHACKS METAL BAR AGAINST
WALL — CLANG)

RENNOL:
Don't! If you discharge a high gravity field you'll smear us
all over the wall!

TEGAN:
I will...? (HIDES SURPRISE AND HARDENS) I will. Should've
searched me when you found me, Hoss, shouldn't you?

HOSS:
I don't think you know how to use that thing.

TEGAN:
I know how to use it on your precious door controls. So put
down your guns. (BEAT) I mean it — (EFFORT)

TURLOUGH:
Tegan, no!

DEELA:
They'll kill us!

(FX: TEGAN SMASHES CONTROLS WITH METAL ROD — SPUTTERINGS
UNDER:)

RENNOL:
You — you've destroyed the circuit interface!

TEGAN:
I warned you. Put down your guns. NOW!

38. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: FADE UP. SOMETHING IS TRUDGING DOWN THE PASSAGE TOWARDS NYSSA: THE MORASS)

NYSSA:

(PATTING UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR'S FACE) Wake up, Doctor. Doctor, wake up!

MORASS:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Invader.

DOCTOR:

(STIRS, SEMI-CONSCIOUS)

NYSSA:

Doctor, please. You received a shock, but now I really need you to wake up!

DOCTOR:

(GROGGY) Nyssa... What...?

NYSSA:

There's something coming towards us!

MORASS:

(CLOSER NOW) Poor creature...

NYSSA:

Who are you? What are you?

MORASS:

Poor creature, you have been absorbed...

NYSSA:

Please. We don't mean you any harm —

MORASS:

(TRIUMPHANT) You have been absorbed... into the Morass!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:
(GROGGY) Nyssa... What...?

NYSSA:
There's something coming towards us!

MORASS:
(CLOSER NOW) *Poor creature...*

NYSSA:
Who are you? What are you?

MORASS:
Poor creature, you have been absorbed...

NYSSA:
Please. We don't mean you any harm –

MORASS:
(TRIUMPHANT) *You have been absorbed... into the Morass!*

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

39. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: POWER DRAINING NOISE)

MORASS:
(VOICE SLURS) Function error. Power flow interrupted.
Compensate. Treasure must be saved. (REPEAT, SLOWING, THROUGH:)

NYSSA:
Doctor, snap out of it. Doctor! I can't carry you, I need you to focus!

DOCTOR:
(SHAKING SELF) Yes – yes of course, Nyssa. Sorry, I received something of a shock. Synapses all over the place. (VIEWING MORASS) What a fascinating creature. Like a heap of unformed flesh.

NYSSA:
Or clay, perhaps.

(FX: MORASS BEGINS TO COME APART, SQUELCHILY)

DOCTOR:

Yes. Mortal clay, thankfully. —

NYSSA:

I'm sorry—?

DOCTOR:

It'd appear to be coming apart.

NYSSA:

Then now's our chance. Come on, back this way.

DOCTOR:

Yes. As the Bard said, better part of valour, and all that.

(FX: THEY RETREAT, SPLASHING DOWN TUNNEL. FADE)

40. INT. GREAT HALL

TEGAN:

Hoss, Rennol — I said, put down your guns. Turlough and Deela are leaving with me.

(FX: GUNS DROPPED WITH A CLATTER)

HOSS:

Kanch will be back any moment. He'll slaughter you.

TEGAN:

We'll take our chances.

TURLOUGH:

Marvellous.

RENNOL:

You don't have a hope. There's nowhere to run to.

DEELA:

He's right. This is pointless.

TEGAN:

Quit arguing, Blondie, and take Rennol's gun.

DEELA:

I don't want it!

TURLOUGH:

Just do as she says, Deela. You don't want to get into an argument with Tegan.

DEELA:

Why? What's she going to do?

TEGAN:

Win!

HOSS:

Then use the generator tube.

TEGAN:

Don't tempt me.

RENNOL:

Hoss, don't [encourage her]

HOSS:

Use it!

(BEAT)

TEGAN:

(HEFTING BAR) If you insist. Catch! (EFFORT, THROWS BAR AT HOSS)

HOSS:

(HIT BY BAR) Aooowww!

(FX: BAR CLATTERS TO FLOOR. SIMULTANEOUSLY:)

TEGAN:

Run, you two! (RUNS)

HOSS:

Shoot them, Rennol! Shoot them!

RENNOL:

(HESITATES) I —

TURLOUGH:

(DRAGS DEELA AWAY) Come on, Deela!

HOSS:

Oh, leave it to me —

(FX: HOSS FIRES GUN, BLASTS INTO WALL AS TURLOUGH, DEELA AND TEGAN EXIT SHARPISH)

RENNOL:

You missed them!

HOSS:

Not seeing straight... You had a clear shot, and you hesitated!

RENNOL:

You're the professional killer, Hoss. Not me.

HOSS:

Mess up like that again, Rennol, and I'll show you a professional killer. (FX: WRIST COMMS) Kanch.

KANCH:

(ON COMMS) I've not found anything yet.

HOSS:

You'd better find the boy and Deela, and bring them back.

KANCH:

(ON COMMS) Back? How'd they get away?

HOSS:

They're not armed. I'll go after them from this side. They're most likely heading for the ships, so watch the exit. That Tegan woman's with them. You can kill her, but we need the others alive.

KANCH:

(ON COMMS) On it.

(FX: COMMS BLEEP)

HOSS:

Now, what about those controls? How bad's the damage?

RENNOL:

The primary circuit's been smashed. And look underneath it.

HOSS:

The crystal can't be... melting?

RENNOL:

The girl smashed that metal load-band the boy was talking about — wrecked the circuit that's been draining power. (SNORTS) But with the rest of the panel dripping to nothing it doesn't matter. (BEAT) Unless I can loop a little of the power and try to regenerate the crystal matrix, like the boy said...

HOSS:

Well, do what you can. I'll be back. With Turlough and Deela.

(SHE EXITS)

41. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR AND NYSSA WALKING THROUGH PUDDLES)

NYSSA:

(WALKING) Are you all right, now?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Yes, I think so, Nyssa. Bit of a burn on my fingers, that's all.

NYSSA:

(STOPPING) Let me see. (BEAT) It looks serious.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, nothing to be done. (CHANGING SUBJECT) I wonder what caused the ice to begin breaking up like that?

NYSSA:

It was like something was being activated. Switched on. Then that creature back there said, "Function error."

DOCTOR:

But what *is* their function? Look, where the ice in the walls has fallen away.

NYSSA:

Alcoves. Not as deep as the one where that poor man was being held.

DOCTOR:

No. More like a container for something.

NYSSA:

Perhaps for something like that creature. The Morass, or whatever it said it was.

DOCTOR:

What else did it say?

NYSSA:

It made little sense. Said that we had been absorbed. And that it was going to "war footing".

DOCTOR:

Yes. I don't like the sound of that, do you?

NYSSA:

We should get away from here.

DOCTOR:

We can only press on and hope to reach that palace we saw...

NYSSA:
Why?

DOCTOR:
Well, it may offer shelter.

NYSSA:
No, I mean, why did Turlough's abductors bring him here?

DOCTOR:
That's a good question. And if some kind of program *has* been activated — have *they* done something to set it off?

42. INT. PALACE: CORRIDORS

(FX: FADE UP. TEGAN, TURLOUGH, DEELA RUNNING)

TURLOUGH:

(TO HALT, DITTO DEELA) Tegan, no. This way.

TEGAN:

(STOPPING) But when Hoss and Kanch marched me in here, we came *this* way.

DEELA:

She's right. It's that way to the spaceships.

TURLOUGH:

Which is why we're going in the other direction.

DEELA:

But surely we need to go back to the— [ships]

TURLOUGH:

That's the first place they'll look for us. By the time we've broken in...

TEGAN:

Point taken. Besides, somehow we've got to find the Doctor and Nyssa.

DEELA:

You said your friends were dead.

TEGAN:

They're alive — I hope. When the ship crashed, it caved in the hillside. They found an underground tunnel.

DEELA:

One of the catacombs?

TURLOUGH:

Just as well. That's where we're going. (WALKING) Come on, along here.

TEGAN:

(WALKING) What's with the local knowledge?

TURLOUGH:

(WALKING) This is my family's palace.

DEELA:

(WALKING) They used to own the planet.

TEGAN:

(STOPPING) The planet! How can they own the whole— [planet]

TURLOUGH:

(STOPPED) You humans, you see everything on such a small scale. Come on, the door's just here.

TEGAN:

What door?

TURLOUGH:

I told you, to the catacombs!

TEGAN:

Don't get shirty with me, Turlough! I see no door!

TURLOUGH:

That's beause the entrance to the catacombs is hidden. But if you press on the right part of the right flagstone...

(FX: STAMPS ON FLOOR. STONE DOOR GRINDS OPEN. BLAST OF COLD AIR FROM WITHIN)

TEGAN:

A secret door leading to a spooky tunnel? Did your family buy this planet from Enid Blyton?

DEELA:

Who?

TEGAN:

Never mind.

TURLOUGH:

(PUSHING THEM THROUGH) Just get in, will you!

TEGAN:

It's freezing down there!

TURLOUGH:

Stop complaining! In!

(FX: DOOR GRINDS CLOSED BEHIND THEM)

43. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA WALKING ON)

NYSSA:

(WALKING) How much further? It feels like we've been down here for days.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Yes. But if we continue to follow these power lines, we'll soon see light at the end of the tunnel.

NYSSA:

(STOPPING) Are you sure? It seems to be getting darker.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPED) Hmm. That "function error" must have affected the lighting...

NYSSA:

Presumably these lines – if they *are* power lines – lead away from the place where that man was held in the ice?

DOCTOR:

Yes – to a power source of some kind. I hope.

NYSSA:

A power source that generates the "Morass"? (SIGHS) I do hope Tegan's all right.

DOCTOR:

Yes... (SUDDENLY PAINED) Argh!

NYSSA:

What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

My fingers. Burning. It's alright, fuss and nonsense.

NYSSA:

Show me. (PAUSE – THEN SHE REACTS) Doctor, it's not just burning, it's boiling.

DOCTOR:

That's impossible– Agh! (GASPS IN PAIN)

NYSSA:

The wound, the surrounding flesh – the blood is actually boiling!

44. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

TURLOUGH:

Come on, you two, keep moving.

TEGAN:

With all this debris everywhere, it's hard to go faster. Looks like the roof's caved in.

DEELA:

That would explain that crash we heard, Vizz. The tremors, too.

TEGAN:

"Vizz"?

TURLOUGH:

(EMBARRASSED) Never mind. (CHANGING SUBJECT) But it's not just the roof, is it? It's the walls as well.

TEGAN:

What about them-?

(FX: SMALL CRASH OF STONE)

DEELA:

They've split open...!

TEGAN:

Oh, yeah. They look like... I don't know, like alcoves.

DEELA:

I suppose the crash of your spaceship must have impacted on the whole area.

TURLOUGH:

So the sooner we work our way through to the surface – and put some real distance between us and Rennol and the others – the better.

TEGAN:

Too right. How long do these tunnels go on for?

TURLOUGH:

A mile or so. My great-grandfather used them as part of his smuggling operation.

DEELA:

My father believes the catacombs go back way further than that. Your great-grandfather may have used them – but he didn't *build* them..

45. INT. PALACE: CORRIDOR

(FX: HOSS & KANCH FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

HOSS:

Well, well, well. Look, Kanch.

KANCH:

Look at what?

HOSS:

Deela's scarf. She must have dropped it.

KANCH:

That was stupid of her.

HOSS:

(THOUGHTFUL) There's frost on the floor.

KANCH:

Yeah, someone should fix the draughts in this place. Are we going?

HOSS:

Idiot. Where'd the frost come from?

KANCH:

Er, I don't know. It looks like it came from the wall.

HOSS:

It might look like a wall. But I'm betting it's a hidden entrance.

KANCH:

Entrance? To where?

HOSS:

Well, we'll find out, won't we? When we work out how to make it open...

46. INT. CATACOMBS

NYSSA:

Doctor, we need to treat that injury. I don't like the look of it.

DOCTOR:

(A BIT DISTANT, ANSWERING A VOICE HE CAN HEAR IN HIS HEAD) Yes. Yes, I hear you.

NYSSA:

Well then, we must get a move on. I saw a medical kit in the spaceship. I only hope it survived the crash. (BEAT) Are you listening to me?

DOCTOR:

Please be quiet, Nyssa. I'm trying to listen.

NYSSA:

Listen to what?

(FX: CUT HARD TO INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HEAD. THE MORASS IS SPEAKING TO HIM TELEPATHICALLY)

MORASS:

(TELEPATHIC) Our energy source is dead.

(FX: CUT BACK TO:)

DOCTOR:

Words. Words, in my head. It seems to be speaking to me.

NYSSA:

What is?

DOCTOR:

The presence. The thing that lives in the ice. The Morass.

NYSSA:

Well, I don't hear anything.

DOCTOR:

That's because it's not got inside you. Like it got inside me.

NYSSA:

Through your injury!

DOCTOR:

Inside me, like it used to be inside the man in the ice... (TO MORASS) Is that right?

MORASS:

(TELEPATHIC) He has no more power. You shall give us power.

DOCTOR:

No!

MORASS:

(TELEPATHIC) Drive out the invaders! Kill!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, you've got to leave me.

NYSSA:

I can't!

DOCTOR:

I mean it, Nyssa. Go!

NYSSA:

Don't push me away. I can help!

DOCTOR:

It can see out through me. It might make me harm you. I mean it, Nyssa! Go!

NYSSA:

I'll find Tegan. I'll be back. (EXITING, CALLING BACK) And I'll bring that medical kit!

DOCTOR:

Go! (TO SELF) I have to fight it. Fight it!

MORASS:

(TELEPATHIC) Fight. And protect. That is all we know...

DOCTOR:

Morass, whatever you are... Kindly get out of my head.

MORASS:

(TELEPATHIC) That is all.

DOCTOR:

Get out!

47. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

TEGAN:

These tunnels give me the creeps.

DEELA:

Turlough and I used to play down here as children. Even though my father forbade it.

TURLOUGH:

Your father forbade everything.

(FX: SCUFFLING AHEAD)

TURLOUGH:

Shh! What's that?

(IT IS THE MORASS — BUT WE'LL THINK IT'S NYSSA AS THE MORASS USES ITS MASS FOR IMPERSONATING "INVADERS". PERHAPS WE USE A SLIGHT EDGE ON THE VOICE TO SUGGEST MORASS — BUILD THE EFFECT SUBTLY OVER A FEW LINES?)

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 27]:

Hello? Is anyone there?

TURLOUGH:

Nyssa?

TEGAN:

Are we ever glad to see you.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS — STEADY, GETTING LOUDER AS "NYSSA" APPROACHES)

MORASS-NYSSA (SC 41):

Are you all right, now?

TURLOUGH:

Just about. This is Deela, she was kidnapped like me.

MORASS-NYSSA (SC 41):

Are you all right ~~{, now?}~~

TEGAN:

Why do you keep saying that?

TURLOUGH:

Tegan, look — her eyes...

DEELA:

Glassy.

TEGAN:

Nyssa? Has something happened? (CRIES OUT AS NYSSA GRABS HER THROAT — SHE'S BEING STRANGLER!) Get off! You're choking me! Nyssa!

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 46]:
Don't push me away.

TEGAN:
Get off me. Turlough!

DEELA:
Run, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:
We can't just leave Tegan.

DEELA:
You want to be next?

TURLOUGH:
(RUNS FORWARD) Whatever you are, get OFF her!

(HE BREAKS THE CREATURES' HOLD. TEGAN GASPS FOR AIR)

MORASS-NYSSA (SC 46):
Don't push me away —

(FX: SPACE GUNFIRE FROM OFF — AND IMPACT LIKE FIRE HITTING ICE)

MORASS-NYSSA:
(SCREAMS, FALLS APART)

TEGAN:
Nyssa? What the... [hell?]

(FX: HOSS AND KANCH APPROACH FROM OFF)

HOSS:
If your friend wasn't dead before, she is now.

TURLOUGH:
Oh, no.

DEELA:
Hoss!

KANCH:
Don't forget me, sweets. Come here. (GRABS HER — SHE GASPS)

TURLOUGH:
Let go of her, Kanch!

HOSS:

Don't worry. We're not going to kill the lovely Deela. It's Tegan Jovanka who's going to get it, like her weird friend there. Then we're going to go back to the Great Hall, so you can fix the damage she – [caused]

TEGAN:

Shut up and look. You didn't kill Nyssa.

HOSS:

That was a high-level laser blast, she couldn't have— [INTAKE OF BREATH]

KANCH:

Those blasts make a mess... but I never saw anyone melt into slush before.

(FX: SCUFFLES FROM TUNNEL)

DEELA (WHISPER):

Someone's coming.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 27]:

(APPROACHING) *Hello? Is anyone there?*

HOSS:

It... it's another her!

TEGAN:

Another Nyssa!

48. INT. THE DOCTOR'S HEAD

DOCTOR:

I... can't move. Morass, what are you doing to me?

MORASS:

Our flesh will become your flesh. You will become... encased.

DOCTOR:

In ice? Like that man we met?

MORASS:

We are not ice. We are the Morass. You will feed us. Your flesh will become ours.

DOCTOR:

I am not willing to feed you!

MORASS:

We will devour you. Invade the invader.

DOCTOR:

I am not an invader. I am the Doctor. A visitor from space.

MORASS:

We came under attack. We were bombarded. Invaded.

DOCTOR:

It wasn't a bombardment. Our ship crashed, by accident. Causing some of the catacombs to collapse.

MORASS:

We are on war footing.

DOCTOR:

But this isn't war!

MORASS:

Protect. War footing.

DOCTOR:

We came to find a friend of ours, he's been taken.

MORASS:

Function error.

DOCTOR:

Yes! Function error! You know this isn't right.

MORASS:

Power low. Absorbing.

49. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

(NB: AS BEFORE, MORASS-CHARACTERS SPEAK IN RECYCLED DIALOGUE)

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 34]:

Are we under attack?

TEGAN:

Nyssa, is that you?

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

Cold. Wet.

TURLOUGH:

Tegan, get back. Her eyes are glassy, like before. It isn't her!

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

... 'absorbing morass'.

HOSS:

Absorb this!

(FX: LASER BLAST AND IMPACT AGAIN. M-NYSSA DISINTEGRATES)

TURLOUGH:

We won't learn anything about them if all you're going to do, Hoss, is blow them to bits.

HOSS:

That freak was the one who needed a lesson. Whatever it was, it's dead now.

(FX: MORE SCUFFLING IN DISTANCE. MORE MORASS-NYSSAS APPROACH)

MORASS-NYSSA 2 & 3 [SCENE 27]:

Hello? Is anyone there?/Hello?

TEGAN:

You were saying?

KANCH:

How many more of them are there?

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 34]:

Are we under attack?

HOSS:

What the hell is happening?

(FX: SUDDEN CLOSE MOVEMENT. THUMP! KANCH IS HIT)

KANCH:
Ugh!

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 36]:
Poor creature, he's dead.

HOSS:
(SPINS ROUND) Kanch? Get up, where did they hit you?

DEELA:
There's another one, behind us!

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 46]:
Don't push me away.

DEELA:
She's got Kanch's gun.

TEGAN:
Her eyes – like ice, like the others.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 30]:
The ice in these catacombs would seem to have some rather interesting properties.

HOSS:
You?!?

TURLOUGH:
Doctor!

TEGAN:
No, Turlough – look at him, he's like those Nyssa-things.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 30]:
Feel the ice.

HOSS:
I don't think so! (FX: SHE SHOOTS – MORASS-DOCTOR MELTS.)

TEGAN:
Melting, like the others.

DEELA:
I feel sick.

TURLOUGH:
Watch out, there's more of them right behind!

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 30]:
Feel the ice.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 36]:
It's boiling out of him.

HOSS:
So long as they keep coming, I'll keep shooting.

(FX: REPEATED FIRE; REPEATED HITS/MELTS THROUGH:)

TEGAN:
(LOW) And while she's busy, we can get away from those Doctor things.

DEELA:
(LOW) What about Kanch's gun-?

TURLOUGH:
(LOW) Buried under bodies. I'd sooner our own didn't join them. Come on. (THEY MOVE OFF)

HOSS:
(FX: STILL FIRING AT MORASS-DOCTORS/NYSSAS) Hey, where'd you think you're going-?

TEGAN:
(CALLING BACK) Keep firing, Hoss! It's what you're best at!
(EXITS)

HOSS:
But — you can't leave me! I need help to move Kanch!

(FX: THE M-DOCTORS ARE INCREASING IN NUMBER — ALL PARROTING RANDOM DOCTOR LINES FROM EARLIER CATACOMBS SCENES)

HOSS:
Kanch! Wake up! I can't keep them back by myself. (FX: FIRES)
Kanch!!!

50. INT. MORE CATACOMBS

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. TURLOUGH, TEGAN & DEELA RUN TO HALT IN ANOTHER PASSAGE, BLOCKED BY MORASS-NYSSAS)

MORASS-NYSSAS [SCENE 46]:
Don't push me away.

TURLOUGH:
More Nyssas. We'll have to charge them.

TEGAN:
This is crazy! Charging a line of Nyssas...

TURLOUGH:
What else can we do? Come on!!! (ROARS AT NYSSAS, CHARGING THEM)

DEELA/TEGAN:
(TAKE UP ROARS, CHARGING)

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 46]:
Don't push me away.

TEGAN:
(STRUGGLING FREE) Push off!

(FX: THEY RUN ON, PAST MORASS-NYSSAS. FADE)

51. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

(FX: FADE UP. HOSS STILL BLASTING NYSSAS)

HOSS:

Get back! (FX: LASER BLAST) Get away you stinking pile of...

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

Cold. Wet.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

... *'absorbing morass'*.

MORASS-KANCH:

Don't forget me, sweets.

HOSS:

Kanch? Oh no. Don't you DARE look like him. (FX: LASER BLAST)
(YELLS) I can keep this up as long as you can!

52. INT. MORE CATACOMBS

(FX: TURLOUGH, DEELA, TEGAN RUNNING TO HALT)

DEELA:

(CATCHING BREATH) I don't believe it... we made it past them!

TEGAN:

That last Nyssa took a real swipe at me. Tore the coat right off my shoulders.

TURLOUGH:

You can keep warm by running.

TEGAN:

Sure you know where we're running to?

TURLOUGH:

I think if we keep going this way, we'll -

TEGAN:

Wait!

(FX: WE HEAR SOMEONE HURRYING CLOSER - IT'S THE REAL NYSSA)

DEELA:

What's coming for us now?

NYSSA:

(TO HALT) Tegan! Turlough!

DEELA:

Another one!

TURLOUGH:

Get it! Hit it! Smash it!

(THEY RUSH FORWARD)

NYSSA:

What are you doing, it's me!

TEGAN:

Turlough, look - her eyes.

NYSSA:

What about my eyes?

TEGAN:

Normal, not glassy. Nyssa, it really *is* you! (HUGS HER)

NYSSA:

I'm glad to see you too, but listen –

TURLOUGH:

Nyssa, there are creatures down there – creatures identical to you and the Doctor.

DEELA:

And ready to kill.

TURLOUGH:

This is Deela, by the way. She was taken, like me.

NYSSA:

Hello, Deela.

TEGAN:

Where *is* the Doctor?

NYSSA:

I've been trying to tell you. He's hurt. The ice in the walls, it's some kind of... I don't know, organism. It got inside him.

TEGAN:

What?

NYSSA:

He's back down this way. He sent me away, he was worried he might become... violent.

TURLOUGH:

You'd better show me.

TEGAN:

And me.

TURLOUGH:

I think it's best if you stay here on watch, with Deela.

TEGAN:

Why? I'm just as strong as you are!

TURLOUGH:

And a good deal louder. So I'd feel happier with you watching our backs, ready to sound the alarm?

TEGAN:

(RELUCTANTLY) All right.

TURLOUGH:

Thank you.

DEELA:

Hurry back, Vizz!

TURLOUGH:

I will. Depend on that.

NYSSA:

See you as soon as we can.

(TURLOUGH AND NYSSA EXIT)

53. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 34]:

Are we under attack?

HOSS:

(FX: COMMS BLEEP) (INTO COMMS) Rennol, this is Hoss. Come in, Rennol. —

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) Hoss? Where are you?

HOSS:

Rennol, I need back-up. I'm stuck in these damned catacombs. Kanch is down and I'm under attack.

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) Attack? What's attacking?

HOSS:

Replicas of people. Don't know where they came from.

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) The security system. So it really is active. And effective?

HOSS:

They're not very strong but there's so many of them. (FX: TWO MORE BLASTS) I need your help to move Kanch out.

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) What about Deela and Turlough? Have you found them?

HOSS:

They got away.

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) Hopefully they'll make their way back here. I think the portal circuit is drawing enough power to regenerate now. The energy drain was most likely caused by the security system starting up and initialising. The panel here is definitely part of a larger circuit...

HOSS:

Rennol, enough of the theories. You've got a map, come in here and help me.

RENNOL:

(VIA COMMS) You're breaking up, Hoss. You want the digi-map of the tunnels? I don't have it as a separate file, it's part of a data bundle. I'll send it over.

HOSS:

You can't just... (FX: TWO LASER BLASTS) Rennol, I *need* back-up!

(FX: CONTINUES DIRECTLY INTO:)

54. INT. GREAT HALL

RENNOL:

(INTO COMMS) I can't hear what you're saying, Hoss. Rennol out.

(FX: SWITCHES OFF COMMS)

(TO SELF) Contract terminated. One more expense eliminated, and I didn't have to lift a finger.

(FX: CROSSES THE ROOM — AND A GENTLE PULSATING HUM GROWS IN VOLUME)

(TO SELF) ... Not even to fix the circuit. (SIGHS) You'd better be taking good care of Deela, Turlough. When you get back here... everything will be mine for the taking.

55. INT. MORE CATACOMBS

DEELA:

I wonder what's taking Turlough.

TEGAN:

He'll be back. He's got more guts than I give him credit for, that boy.

DEELA:

Yes. When his own skin's at stake.

TEGAN:

Bit harsh, isn't it?

DEELA:

Probably. He's changed since I knew him, though. Distant. Wary. He used to be so... (CATCHES HERSELF) Oh, it doesn't matter.

TEGAN:

You've known him a long time?

DEELA:

All my life. (PAUSE) You and Turlough. Are you...?

TEGAN:

What? No way. But... *you* two look like you've got something going on.

DEELA:

I always looked up to him. I thought he was incredible. So clever. Such an attitude. We grew closer as our fathers grew apart. He never cared about any of that grown-up stuff. I did, I tried to hide it, but... Well. When we were in our Bubble, none of that mattered. We were safe. Shut off from everything.

TEGAN:

Your Bubble – that thing Hoss and Rennol want open?

DEELA:

I want it open. Turlough fixed it so that when we kissed, there it was. Our safe haven. Just ours. (BEAT) I want to go back. Back to how things were.

TEGAN:

Hiding away from the world only makes it that much harder when you go back. And you always have to go back.

DEELA:

I always thought if I had him, I'd feel happy. But we always want more, don't we? Never happy with how things are until they change. (SIGHS) You're right. It can never be like it was. Not now.

TEGAN:

Life goes on, Deela. You make what you can of it. And when it stops being fun... you make it something else.

DEELA:

Is this the fun part?

TEGAN:

This? (SIGHS) This is definitely something else.

56. INT. CATACOMBS

TURLOUGH:

(APPROACHING) Where did you leave him?

NYSSA:

(APPROACHING) It was somewhere just along here... (SEES DOCTOR IN ICE) Oh no. Look!

TURLOUGH:

Doctor? How did this ice form around him so fast?

NYSSA:

I told you, it's not just ice.

TURLOUGH:

How do we get him out?

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED BY ICE) With difficulty.

TURLOUGH:

He can hear us!

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED BY ICE) Turlough. You're here. You must reach into the ice.

TURLOUGH:

And do what?

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED BY ICE) There's a knot of ice crystals, above my head. The crystals are ganglia. Still growing. A kind of mind... growing into my own.

NYSSA:

I believe him.

TURLOUGH:

It might not be the Doctor talking. We know these things have taken his form as well as yours.

NYSSA:

I said, I believe him.

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED BY ICE) Both of you... It will take both. Please — you must reach in.

TURLOUGH:

If you're wrong, Nyssa...

DOCTOR:
(MUFFLED BY ICE) Quickly!

NYSSA:
After three, Turlough. One... two...

TURLOUGH:
Three!

(FX: FINGERS PENETRATING HALF-FORMED ICE. SLUDGY, CRACKLING
WITH ENERGY)

TURLOUGH:
(FEELING) Above his head... there *is* something there.

NYSSA:
I can't get to it. The ice, it's too solid.

TURLOUGH:
No, no. It's giving way...

NYSSA:
My hands. They're *burning*...

TURLOUGH:
Mine too. Quickly!

DOCTOR:
(MUFFLED BY ICE) You must pull out the ganglia. Pull!

TURLOUGH:
I can feel it!

NYSSA:
It's horrible...!

TURLOUGH:
I've got it!

NYSSA:
Then pull!

(FX: THEY YANK OUT THE GANGLIA — SQUELCHES, POWER DRAIN — THEN
ICE SHATTERS)

DOCTOR:
(GASPS AS HE FALLS FORWARD)

NYSSA:
Doctor!

(FX: ICE BOILING AWAY)

TURLOUGH:

The ice, it's boiling around him.

NYSSA:

The connections are decaying. Destroying the ganglia must have severed the binding force.

DOCTOR:

(RECOVERING) Thank you. Turlough, are you all right?

TURLOUGH:

I'm feeling better than you look, at any rate.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well. I'm a little wiser for my bonding experience with the Morass system – but it'll be desperate for a new power supply.

NYSSA:

Desperate? How can the system be desperate?

DOCTOR:

When it's a living machine. Damaged. Senile. Deranged.

57. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

(FX: POWER DRAIN, AS BEFORE)

HOSS:
Now what?

KANCH:
(OFF) Hoss? Is that you, Hoss?

HOSS:
Kanch, about time you woke up, get out from that stuff.

KANCH:
I'm trying. (FX: SQUELCH) What clobbered me?

HOSS:
I don't know. Same thing as I shot down before, only hundreds of them – and more with the face of the boy's friend..

KANCH:
Where'd they go?

HOSS:
I don't know. There was a sound like something powering down. My gun's charge pack must be on its last legs, too. We need to find your blaster and clear out. So get off your knees and start – [shifting]

KANCH:
I – I can't, Hoss.

HOSS:
Come on, take hold of my – [hand]

KANCH:
It won't let me go.

HOSS:
It's just sludge, slush.

KANCH:
It's not. It's moving. Agh! It's *biting*!

HOSS:
Take my hand, come on –

(FX: KANCH CRIES OUT AS THE SLUSH PULLS HIM AWAY WITH A VIOLENT JERK – HEAVY DRAGGING NOISE)

KANCH:
Hoss! It's taking me!

MORASS:
(GRATING CHUCKLE)

HOSS:
No! (FX: FIRES LASERS) Let go of him! Bring him back. *Bring him back!*

58. INT. MORE CATACOMBS

(FX: three sets of footsteps getting closer)

TEGAN:
Deela... do you hear that?

DEELA:
Those things again...? No, I can't take it.

(DEELA TRIES TO RUN BUT TEGAN HOLDS ONTO HER HAND WITH SOME DIFFICULTY)

TEGAN:
(STRUGGLING) You can't just run off, Deela.

DEELA:
Let go of my hand!

TEGAN:
Calm down. If you run blindly, who knows what you'll run into –

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Tegan!

TEGAN:
Doctor! It's all right, Deela – look who's made it!

DOCTOR:
(AUDIBLY WEAKENED) Just about.

TEGAN:
You look terrible.

NYSSA:
We barely got the Doctor free in time.

TURLOUGH:
Deela, are you all right?

DEELA:
Just scared. I– I'm fine now.

TEGAN:
(KNOWING) Now Turlough's here.

TURLOUGH:
Doctor – this is Deela, a friend. Kidnapped like I was.

DOCTOR:
How do you do. Tell me – why were you brought here?

TEGAN:
It's Turlough's palace.

DOCTOR
(SURPRISED) Yours?!?

TURLOUGH:
Not really. It belonged to my family, once.

DEELA:
A man called Rennol needs us both here together to unlock some treasure.

DOCTOR:
What treasure?

TURLOUGH:
We don't know what. Apparently it's held in a dimensional vault.

DOCTOR:
Yes of course. The treasure house...

NYSSA:
Treasure house?

DOCTOR:
That's how the Morass thinks of it. It's connected to it through the ice crystals growing out of – and into – the rock.

TEGAN:
What's this Morass?

DOCTOR:
A sentient security system installed centuries ago to defend that treasure – and in so doing, the planet.

TEGAN:
Then that's the reason no-one else lives here – the Morass won't let them?

DEELA:
It fits...

NYSSA:
What fits?

DEELA:
Nothing. Just something my father thought.

DOCTOR:

In any case, when we crash-landed here the gravity wells sent force-energy down through the planet's crust – enough to activate the Morass and put it on a war footing.

(ROUND ABOUT NOW, DEELA SLIPS AWAY, UN-NOTICED)

TEGAN:

It thought we were attacking?

DOCTOR:

Seems it can't distinguish between an accidental impact and a true bombardment. Not any more. Somehow the nature of the treasure-house was altered a long time ago – and the Morass was damaged in the process...

TURLOUGH:

(TO SELF) My great-grandfather, installing the DNA match...

DOCTOR

(HASN'T HEARD) It's confused. Crazed by pain and age. It has to be shut down before it can find another energy source.

(FX: DISTANT DRAGGING NOISE – THE MORASS ON THE MOVE. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

TEGAN:

Shh. Listen.

NYSSA:

The Morass, it has to be.

TURLOUGH:

Where's Deela?

TEGAN:

She was here a moment ago. But then she was ready to split by herself just before you got back.

TURLOUGH:

I'd better go after her.

DOCTOR:

We'll all go. (GETS UP AND GASPS)

TEGAN:

Doctor, you're still too weak. I'll help you.

NYSSA:

I'll go on ahead with Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

Come on then. If you're coming.

(THEY LEAVE QUICKLY PAST RIGHT SPEAKER)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Be careful.

(FX: DISTANT SCRAPING, SQUELCHING OF MORASS GETTING SLOWLY CLOSER)

TEGAN:

That thing's getting closer. Come on, Doctor. I've got you.

HOSS

(STEPPING IN, FROM LEFT) I think you'll find that I've got you.

TEGAN:

Hoss!

HOSS:

You didn't think I'd catch you up?

DOCTOR:

Please. The gun isn't necessary.

HOSS:

Yes it is. There's a shapeless, crawling thing coming this way. It's got Kanch. And maybe if I feed it one of you, it'll give him back.

59. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: WE HEAR DEELA'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OFF)

RENNOL:

Who's there? (PAUSE) Hoss, is that you?

DEELA:

(ARRIVED) It's all right. It's me.

RENNOL:

Deela! What's been happening...? You're alone?

DEELA:

All alone. Just you and me. Oh, Rennol.

(FX: SHE RUNS TO HIM)

RENNOL:

You and me, sweetest.

DEELA:

Alone at last.

(FX: THEY KISS)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

RENNOL:

Deela! What's been happening...? You're alone?

DEELA:

All alone. Just you and me. Oh, Rennol.

(FX: SHE RUNS TO HIM)

RENNOL:

You and me, sweetest.

DEELA:

Alone at last.

(FX: THEY KISS)

(CONTINUES INTO:)

60. INT. GREAT HALL

RENNOL:

(BREAKING OFF KISS) Deela, I spoke to Hoss. The security system had got Kanch. She was trapped. I was so worried.

DEELA:

About me – or the plan?

RENNOL:

We've put so much into this. If Kanch and Hoss are dead, that only makes cheating them easier. But what about Turlough – is he safe?

DEELA:

(ANXIOUS) I hope so.

RENNOL:

Oh?

DEELA:

(RECOVERING) For the sake of the plan. He's back with his friends now...

RENNOL:

They weren't dead?

DEELA:

By now, who knows? I tried to talk Turlough out of going. Then I dropped my scarf by the hidden door for Hoss and Kanch to find — but when I saw they couldn't get me out... I didn't know what to do. So I came to find you. Oh, it's so horrible in there. The security system, it's so... so alien. Evil.

RENNOL:

You should've stuck with Turlough. If he dies in there...

DEELA:

He can't... He mustn't.

RENNOL:

(SLOWLY) For the sake of the plan.

61. INT. YET MORE CATACOMBS

NYSSA:

(TO STOP) Turlough, wait. (BEAT) I thought I heard something?

TURLOUGH:

The Morass could be coming to life any moment. We need to move.

(THEY SET OFF AGAIN)

TURLOUGH:

Why did you come with me?

NYSSA:

No-one should have to go through these tunnels alone.

TURLOUGH:

I thought perhaps Tegan had... told you things. About what happened after you left us. I thought you didn't trust me.

NYSSA:

All of that was a long time ago for me. I trust you, Turlough. I think I always did.

TURLOUGH:

(AFFECTED) Yes, well. Trust is one thing. To rely on me, another.

NYSSA:

Why do you think Deela ran?

TURLOUGH:

She was terrified. She hasn't seen much away from her own system... (SIGHS) My world went to war with itself. I was forced to participate in that war.

NYSSA:

You must have seen some terrible things.

TURLOUGH:

My mother was killed. My father and brother were forced to run who-knows-where. I was the lucky one. An exile on a backward planet. But Deela was spared all that. Her father was on the 'right' side. He was always so protective. Smothering... (STOPS HIMSELF) This tunnel leads back to the palace. Deela knows where she's going.

NYSSA:

And this Rennol will be waiting...

62. INT. ELSEWHERE IN CATACOMBS

TEGAN:

For heaven's sake, Hoss, we need to be working together!

HOSS:

You'll do as I say.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps we should get to know each other a little, check who's really best qualified to give the orders. I'm the Doctor, I'm a Time Lord – this is Tegan, from Earth...

HOSS:

You think this is funny?

DOCTOR:

Not at all. But you seem to think this situation is something you can solve with a gun – and it's not. I can assure you the Morass won't accept one of us in place of Kanch. It doesn't judge us as individuals – we simply represent a threat to the treasure it's protecting.

HOSS:

And how would you know so much?

TEGAN:

Because he's been a part of it.

DOCTOR:

It wanted my life energy as a power supply. Just as it now wants Kanch to take my place.

HOSS:

Then they've taken him because of you. It's your fault.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, splendid reasoning! It's our fault for coming after Turlough when you abducted him. Our fault that the ship that took us here was too easy a target for your murderous friend. Our fault you forced us into a crash-landing and instigated this whole chain of events!

HOSS:

You got away from it. We can get Kanch away from it too.

DOCTOR:

No. The Morass learns, even in its decrepit condition; it scans and absorbs. It will have analysed the way I was released and it won't let it happen again.

TEGAN:

Quiet – it's coming!

DOCTOR:

Backs to the wall.

(FX: SQUELCHING, CHUCKLING MORASS RASPS PAST)

HOSS:

(SOTTO) Kanch. I see Kanch, in the body of that thing!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) It's smothered him. He's been absorbed.

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) It's horrible. Like – I don't know, jelly!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) That's the raw stuff of the Morass.

(FX: BY NOW, MORASS HAS MOVED PAST THEM)

TEGAN:

It's OK, it's gone. (STEPPING AWAY FROM WALL) So you're telling me that's the same stuff those facsimiles were made of?

DOCTOR:

The Morass can scan the enemy and create duplicates in these alcoves. It sends them into the enemy ranks to create confusion and delay.

TEGAN:

But Hoss was shooting them down like fish in a barrel.

HOSS:

They dissolve, go to pieces with a single blast. If we go after it, find its weak spot and attack again...

DOCTOR:

Don't you listen? The Morass needs energy to function – it wanted you to fire at it. It absorbed the heat and light of your laser blasts. How much did you give it?

HOSS:

I... I gave it the entire power pack. (FX: SHE DROPS THE GUN TO THE ICE) The gun's empty.

TEGAN:

That's a lot of power, right?

DOCTOR:

When the Morass bonds with Kanch and uses him as an energy source, there'll be nothing to stop it converting all that heat and light into strength. When it reforms the facsimiles they'll be a hundred times more powerful.

TEGAN:

And we've got no way to defend ourselves. No way at all!

63. INT. PALACE: CORRIDOR/GREAT HALL

RENNOL:

(OFF, THROUGH DOORS) You realise one of us will have to go into the catacombs to find Turlough.

DEELA:

(OFF, THROUGH DOORS) Don't make me go back, Rennol.

[RENNOL:

(OFF, THROUGH DOORS) Don't go to pieces, Deela. There's too much at stake.]

[DEELA:

(OFF, THROUGH DOORS) I... I must just rest first.]

[RENNOL:

(OFF, THROUGH DOORS) Rest later. Business now.]

(FX: MEANWHILE, NYSSA AND TURLOUGH ARE CREEPING ALONG CORRIDOR)

TURLOUGH:

(STOPPING, LOW) Nyssa, listen. That's Deela. Rennol's got her.

NYSSA:

(LOW) If we can only talk to him, convince him we're all in danger...

TURLOUGH:

(LOW) He won't listen. And he's armed. Perhaps we should be too.

NYSSA:

(LOW) I don't follow.

TURLOUGH:

(LOW) Look. Mounted on the wall.

NYSSA:

(LOW) A ceremonial scabbard?! And what has Rennol got?

TURLOUGH:

(LOW) Some sort of laser pistol. But if we push over the suit of armour outside the doors here, Rennol will come to investigate and then...

NYSSA:

(LOW) You whack him with the scabbard.

TURLOUGH:

(LOW) Well, it's a plan, isn't it? (BEAT) Ready? (DEEP BREATH) Deep breath, and – PUSH!

(FX: THEY HEAVE OVER THE ARMOUR. CRASH-CLANNNG!)

(FX: CROSS TO:)

DEELA:

What was that?

RENNOL:

I... I'll go and see. (FX: FOLLOW HIM AS HE CROSSES TO DOOR) It could be Hoss or -

TURLOUGH:

(HEFTYING SCABBARD) ... or me!

RENNOL:

Turl-[aaaah!] (FX: TURLOUGH CLOBBERS HIM WITH SCABBARD, PISTOL DROPS)

DEELA:

(RUNNING FORWARD; SEES) You?!?

NYSSA:

Are you all right, Deela?

RENNOL:

(GROANS)

TURLOUGH:

Rennol's not out. Deela, get his gun.

DEELA:

Of course. (SCOOPS IT UP)

RENNOL:

(GROGGY) Deela...?

DEELA:

(PASSING GUN) Here. You dropped your pistol.

NYSSA:

Deela!

TURLOUGH:

I don't understand. -

RENNOL:

Thank you, Deela. (GETTING UP) Don't move, either of you. I will use this if I have to.

TURLOUGH:

Deela, you gave him his gun back, are you mad? (NO ANSWER)
Deela?

RENNOL:

Oh, she's mad alright, Turlough. Mad about me.

64. INT. CATACOMBS

DOCTOR:

Tegan, Hoss — we must get after Turlough. We need his knowledge of the tunnel layout. There must be a physical link between the Morass and this treasure it safeguards — a confluence of the power supply, the junction of this world and the Palace above. If we can find a way to uncouple them, the Morass will lose its purpose.

HOSS:

You mean with nothing to protect, it'll stop fighting?

DOCTOR:

I hope so.

TEGAN:

Can't we just leave in the flyers, like Turlough said?

DOCTOR:

We can't just abandon Kanch, whatever he's done.

HOSS:

You're serious?

TEGAN:

He's the Doctor. (SIGHS) OK — so how do we find this 'junction of worlds' place?

HOSS:

You say you were a part of that thing, don't you know?

DOCTOR:

It's like a dream — slipping away.

HOSS:

Well, you don't need the boy. I've got a map.

DOCTOR:

Show me.

65. INT. GREAT HALL

NYSSA:

How could you, Deela?

DEELA:

Don't judge me, Nyssa. You don't know what I've been through.

TURLOUGH:

I do, and I'm still judging you. You and Rennol... you're actually together?

DEELA:

Vizz —

TURLOUGH:

Tell me!

RENNOL:

We don't have to tell you anything.

DEELA:

No. You should know. Rennol and me, we're getting married. I... I never thought I'd see you again, Vizz, and when I met Rennol...

RENNOL:

You sound like you're apologising!

DEELA:

I'm explaining. My father took against Rennol.

TURLOUGH:

A rare lapse of bad taste.

DEELA:

He tried to block the engagement. Froze my credit accounts, blocked all assets...

TURLOUGH:

So you looked elsewhere for your dowry. And knew you'd have to trick the only idiot who could help you get it.

DEELA:

I... Please, I know it looks bad, but — [really]

TURLOUGH:

(BITTER) But what? You suddenly realize you've made a terrible mistake? That it was me you wanted all along? That a teenage infatuation is worth more than money?

RENNOL:

All right, enough of this. Deela, if these two got out of the catacombs, so can their friends. We don't want to be outnumbered. Get back to the hidden entrance. Barricade it.

NYSSA:

If you seal them inside you'll be killing them!

RENNOL:

Do it, Deela. And quickly.

DEELA:

Why me?

RENNOL:

(SARDONIC) How can you watch Turlough when you can't even look him in the eye?

66. INT. CATACOMBS

DOCTOR:

How did you come by this map, Hoss?

HOSS:

Rennol uploaded it to my comms-band.

(FX: BLEEP OF COMMS — AND SUSTAINED HUM OF TRANSMISSION)

TEGAN:

Pictures in the air? That's amazing.

HOSS:

Where did you find this woman?

DOCTOR:

Er... this doesn't look like a map of the catacombs.

HOSS:

It's part of a data bundle. Rennol sent me through a whole packet of — [things]

DOCTOR:

... Wait. What is that?

HOSS:

Oh. Wiring diagram. Rennol said it was to do with the dimensional vault, but Turlough didn't recognise it.

DOCTOR:

Can you bring up the catacombs map as an overlay?

HOSS:

I suppose.

(FX: HOSS FLICKS THROUGH DATA)

TEGAN:

Is it just me, or does that section look exactly the same?

DOCTOR:

Yes. The junction of worlds.

TEGAN:

That's the join we need to break?

DOCTOR:

If we're to sever the link between the Morass and the treasure it protects. Now, let me just work out the safest route...

67. INT. GREAT HALL

RENNOL:

Turlough, when Deela returns, I hope you'll be reasonable. Time is against us. If you co-operate, just open the door to the Bubble – [and]

TURLOUGH:

It's not "the Bubble" anymore. It's just an empty space. A vault that's been shut down.

RENNOL:

Open it up, and we can all share the treasure!

NYSSA:

What is this treasure, Rennol? Do you even know?

TURLOUGH:

He knows. Because Deela's father knows – that's where he got his "intelligence" on this place.

RENNOL:

Your ancestor was an ambassador to alien worlds – and a member of the Royal Court. By the time the Arar-Jecks had fought their way to Trion borders, he'd done a deal with various neutral powers, to give him..

NYSSA:

... "special protection"?

RENNOL:

Exactly. He offered the vault as a hiding place for the Trion queen in case of attack or invasion. The entire regal entourage could shelter inside, leaving no heat traces, no life signs. Nothing.

TURLOUGH:

(INTRIGUED DESPITE HIMSELF) Vanishing clean off the enemy's radar..

NYSSA:

So the invaders would deduce that the palace was empty, and the world deserted, and leave again.

RENNOL:

Or if they didn't, the Morass – the security system in the catacombs – would activate. Programmed to kill all invaders and protect the people inside the vault.

TURLOUGH:

Buying them time to get off the planet.

RENNOL:

The point is, Deela's father found papers claiming that the Queen did hide here with her entourage. That they took certain treasures in with them, too. Treasures that the old ambassador agreed to store there in case of future incursions.

TURLOUGH:

But there's nothing there!

RENNOL:

Think about it, Turlough. Your great-grandfather was a smuggler – by definition, a master of secret compartments.

NYSSA:

Why not hide one within another?

RENNOL:

Imagine, Turlough – the lost treasure hoard of the old Trion royals... What if it's been there all this time?

TURLOUGH:

I see now why Deela's father was so keen to 'protect' the palace. If he waits till the end of the war, I come back from exile, he puts me and Deela together here – and then he can pocket the lot.

RENNOL:

He'll get nothing. Wait 'til Deela gets back – then you'll see.

68. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: DIGI-MAP STILL ACTIVE, AS BEFORE)

HOSS:

Doctor, you must have worked out a safe path by now.

DOCTOR:

There is no safe path! But if I could only concentrate, I might be able to discern a route that's slightly less lethal than all the others...

TEGAN:

Leaving me to make polite conversation with the kidnapping reptile I brained a couple of hours back. Awkward, isn't it?

HOSS:

I'm a mercenary. Shifting allegiances goes with the territory.

TEGAN:

I'm not sure that goes with the territory.

HOSS:

What doesn't?

TEGAN:

There, by your feet. Some miniature gizmo. Didn't see it till it caught the light from that map thing.

HOSS:

(STOOPS TO PICK UP) Looks to be a sub-space transmitter.

TEGAN:

For communicating? It's so small.

HOSS:

(FX: SMALL BLIP) There's only one call sign in the memory.

TEGAN:

Whose?

HOSS:

Let's find out.

(FX: COMMS ACTIVATES — SHOULD MATCH NOISE OF RENNOL'S COMMUNICATOR IN SCENE 3)

HOSS:

Hello? (PAUSE) Hello?

RENNOL [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED, AS DEELA'S WAS]:

Deela? What's keeping you?

TEGAN:

They're asking for Deela?! That thing must be hers.

RENNOL [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:

Deela? What's wrong?

HOSS:

(QUIETLY) That's Rennol. It's got to be.

TEGAN:

What?

HOSS:

(INTO COMMS) Rennol?

(FX: STRAIGHT CUT TO RENNOL IN GREAT HALL:)

69. INT. GREAT HALL

RENNOL

(VOICE NO LONGER DISGUISED, OF COURSE) Deela? Who is this?

HOSS [SYNTHETICALLY DISGUISED]:

(VOICE DISGUISED) Who'd you think? (FX: BLEEP! AND HOSS'S VOICE IS NORMAL) I'm taking the signal off scrambler. Does that help?

RENNOL:

Hoss!

HOSS:

I warned you what would happen if you tried to play me, Rennol.

NYSSA:

That was careless of you, Rennol.

TURLOUGH:

(GLOATS) Very careless.

RENNOL:

(TROUBLED) Shut up.

(FX: RUSH OF FOOTSTEPS AS DEELA ENTERS FROM CORRIDOR)

DEELA:

All right, I pushed a big display case in front of the entrance to the catacombs, that ought — [to keep them inside]

RENNOL:

You little idiot!

DEELA:

What? (BEAT) It's a really heavy one.

RENNOL:

I hope so. Because if Hoss gets out you'll be killed right here. You dropped the comms-link!

DEELA:

What...? (FEELS FOR IT) It was fixed to my arm, hidden by my sleeve. It must've come loose.

RENNOL:

Obviously! She called me. I thought it was you. I thought *she* must be dead.

NYSSA:

We'll all be dead if we don't help the Doctor stop the Morass!

70. INT. CATACOMBS

TEGAN:

I don't understand — I thought Rennol kidnapped Deela, held her prisoner.

HOSS:

"Locked up" on a ship — with a direct link on scrambler so she could speak to him whenever, even in confinement. He must've worked out I had a tap on his regular comms band, so he used another to talk to her. I knew he was pulling something.

TEGAN:

But why bother to trick you? Rennol and Deela could have hired you together?

HOSS:

Isn't it obvious? They wanted us to think Deela was a spineless brat, no threat — so they could cheat us once we'd got the treasure. Plus, your friend Turlough might have seen through her act, if we'd all been in on the game. Too clever for his own good, that one.

TEGAN:

You're telling me — most of the time. Poor Turlough, he really likes her. When I get my hands on her...

HOSS:

Join the queue. I'll kill them both!

DOCTOR:

(PIPING UP) Kill who?

TEGAN:

Doctor, did you not hear any of that?

DOCTOR:

I told you, I was concentrating.

TEGAN:

Deela and Rennol are working together. They duped Turlough so he and Deela could do the kiss thing and open the vault...

DOCTOR:

(PUZZLED) Kiss?

HOSS:

The boy rigged the opening mechanism of that pocket dimension so only the two of them kissing could open it.

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFUL) Did he indeed...?

(FX: OMINOUS RUMBLING ALL AROUND)

TEGAN:
Tremors.

DOCTOR:
The Morass is starting to revive. (SETTING OFF) Come on – we have to reach that power feed before it's too late!

71. INT. GREAT HALL

NYSSA:

I'm telling you, Rennol — the Morass is gaining strength.

DEELA:

She's right, Rennol. It lives in the tunnels.

NYSSA:

It doesn't live there. The tunnels are where it grows until it's ready to come out.

TURLOUGH:

The point is, any time now it's going to attack!

RENNOL:

I've heard it grumbling in its sleep for weeks. I suppose my arrival, my presence here, must have stirred it.

DEELA:

We have to end this now.

TURLOUGH:

Suits me!

RENNOL:

Very well. Turlough, Deela, stand by the fireplace.

TURLOUGH:

(CROSSING TO DEELA) Well, we all know what comes next.

RENNOL:

Deela, I don't need to encourage you to kiss your childhood sweetheart, do I?

DEELA:

Don't be jealous, Rennol, there's no— [need]

RENNOL:

Let's get this over with. Kiss him.

DEELA:

Vizz...?

RENNOL:

(SNAPS) His name is Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

And who are you, Deela? Who did you become?

DEELA:

You were always the clever one. You tell me. (KISSES HIM)

(FX: BEAT — THEN GRAND HUM AS VAULT FINALLY OPENS)

RENNOL:
Finally.

NYSSA:
It's opening. The vault's opening!

72. INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: DOCTOR, HOSS AND TEGAN MOVING THROUGH TUNNEL)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP) The tunnel ought to split just around this corner...
Yes!

HOSS:

Forks left and right.

TEGAN:

Which way do we want?

DOCTOR:

To the left.

TEGAN:

And that's where we'll find the spot where this whole catacomb-circuit thing sends power through to Turlough and Deela's Bubble. Right?

DOCTOR:

Indeed. At the end of a cul-de-sac.

HOSS:

And when we get there, we destroy it how? We've no weapons, remember.

DOCTOR:

That comms-unit you say is Deela's – it has a signal scrambler, mm? Press it up against the circuit at full power and it should be enough to disrupt the feed – at least for a while.

TEGAN:

What will disrupting its feed do?

DOCTOR:

With luck, give me time and opportunity to do a little rewiring up above. I only hope I'm right about the nature of that pocket dimension...

TEGAN:

What about it?

DOCTOR:

No time to explain now, Tegan. You and Hoss must get to that junction box. Carefully.

HOSS:

While you slope off to the palace and safety?

DOCTOR:

Hardly that. You want to save Kanch? This is the only way.

(FX: TRAMPING, SCRAPING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

TEGAN:

Listen to that.

DOCTOR:

The Morass is getting up to speed with the situation faster than I'd hoped.

TEGAN:

Footsteps this time. Facsimiles?

DOCTOR:

Must be coming to stop us. They're strong enough to go anywhere now, above or below. Nowhere is safe.

TEGAN:

We'd better get going. But do we know how much power is in this communicator? Will the Morass feed on that too?

DOCTOR:

Hmm. It's possible. Best if we can synchronise our actions.

TEGAN:

But how will we know when you're ready to do whatever it is you need to do?

HOSS:

Rennol's got a communicator.

DOCTOR:

If I can find him, I'll do my best to get hold of it. Good luck. (HE SPRINTS AWAY)

TEGAN:

(CALLING AFTER) You too, Doctor.

HOSS:

Come on, Tegan. Let's finish this.

73. INT. GREAT HALL

DEELA:

(BREATHES) Vizz, look. Our bubble...

TURLOUGH:

Just as we left it.

DEELA:

The blankets, the books...

RENNOL:

Deela! (CROSSES TO HER) Take the mass detector, get inside the vault and find out where that treasure is.

NYSSA:

A mass detector? You thought of everything.

RENNOL:

Obviously the treasure isn't in plain sight, or these two would have seen it. (BEAT) Deela, get on with it!

(FX: A SLIGHT SIZZLE IN THE FIELD AS SHE GOES THROUGH INTO:)

74. INT. BUBBLE

(FX: COMPLETE SHIFT IN B/G AMBIENCE. FLAT, EMPTY SPACE)

DEELA:

I'd forgotten what it was like, coming here.

(FX: ANOTHER SIZZLE AS TURLOUGH ENTERS)

TURLOUGH:

(QUIETLY) I hadn't.

(FX: TWO MORE SIZZLES AS RENNOL AND NYSSA ENTER)

RENNOL:

Well, Turlough. The vault is open. The treasure secured. I don't need you any more.

DEELA:

Rennol, no. You promised you wouldn't hurt him.

NYSSA:

I think *you've* done that already.

(FX: MASS DETECTOR BEGINS BLEEPING — LIKE GEIGER COUNTER REGISTERING)

RENNOL:

(STARTING FORWARD) The mass detector. There's something there!

NYSSA:

Definitely *something*. Look at those readings!

RENNOL:

(SLOWLY) I was right. It's all paid off! All the waiting... the planning... Pass me the detector, Deela.

DEELA:

What are you going to do?

RENNOL:

Change the frequency field. After all these hundreds of years, let's bring the riches into the light!

(FX: FREQUENCY HUM AS TREASURE COMES INTO VIEW)

(BEAT)

DEELA:

(STUNNED) No!

NYSSA:

That's it? That's your treasure?

TURLOUGH:

(STARTS LAUGHING – WILD PEALS OF LAUGHTER)

RENNOL:

Shut up. Shut up!

TURLOUGH:

Your great treasure. Your magnificent hoard. (KICKS PILE OF BRIC-A-BRAC) All of it smashed! Broken!

NYSSA:

(SIFTING JUNK THROUGH FINGERS) More than that. These things have been pulverised. Jewellery. Sculpture. Paintings.

DEELA:

All ruined.

RENNOL:

Ruined...!

NYSSA:

Ugh – there are bones in here, too. Skeletons!

TURLOUGH:

From the way this one's dressed... and the hole in the ribcage... I'd say this one used to be my smuggling great-grandfather.

NYSSA:

He had access to the Vault?

TURLOUGH:

The entry coder was keyed to his DNA long before Deela and I came along.

NYSSA:

It's just – the man we saw in the ice was dressed the same way.

RENNOL:

The smugglers knew about the treasure?

TURLOUGH:

Clearly.

DEELA:

But why would they smash it? Why didn't they take it?

NYSSA:

I don't think *they* did this. These beautiful things have been trampled and crushed. I think the Morass destroyed them.

RENNOL:

Don't be ridiculous! The Morass exists to protect the treasure.

NYSSA:

What if the treasure was never possessions at all – but the people the vault was built for!

TURLOUGH:

(REALISES) The queen and her entourage. Of course!

NYSSA:

And later, your great-grandfather. Once he fixed it so his DNA became the key to open the vault, he was to be protected.

RENNOL:

Well, his protectors didn't do much of a job, did they? He's dead!

TURLOUGH:

Blasted through the chest, yes. But before that he must have set the Morass on a war footing. Too late to save him, but it came for his killers...

DEELA:

And the treasure was trampled in the struggle?

NYSSA:

These things would have meant nothing to the Morass.

DEELA:

But we do, Vizz.

TURLOUGH:

That's why we were able to charge through the facsimiles.

DEELA:

(REALISING) They only grabbed for Tegan.

NYSSA:

And it's why you could reach into the Morass ice to reach the ganglia, Turlough, when I couldn't...

RENNOL:

What are you talking about?

NYSSA:

Turlough and Deela, Rennol – only their DNA can open the vault!

(FX: SIZZLE AS DOCTOR ENTERS)

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) ... Ergo, Turlough and Deela are the treasure the Morass is programmed to protect.

RENNOL:

(TURNING) Who-?!

TURLOUGH & NYSSA:

Doctor!

RENNOL:

Don't move. (TO DEELA) Deela, I thought you said you blocked the way out of the catacombs?

DEELA:

I did!

DOCTOR:

The display case against the door was shaken loose by those tremors you must have felt. The Morass forms its facsimiles violently – and they stay that way.

NYSSA:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

There's an army of facsimiles on their way here to protect Turlough and Deela – by killing the rest of us.

75. INT. POWER JUNCTION

(FX: CRAMPED, UNDERGROUND SPACE. TEGAN AND HOSS ENTER)

HOSS:

This must be it, then.

TEGAN:

The junction of worlds. If the Morass comes for us here, we're trapped.

HOSS:

Look at the power lines in the roof.

TEGAN:

Like roots. Roots growing for hundreds of years.

(FX: WE HEAR DISTANT FOOTSTEPS AND CALLS OF FACSIMILES AS BEFORE: SUITABLE LINES FOR THIS AND SUBSEQUENT 'MORASS ARMY' SCENES NOTED IN APPENDIX)

HOSS:

Those facsimile things... they're coming for us.

TEGAN:

Get that communicator ready. (TO SELF) Come on, Doctor... give us a sign.

76. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: SIZZLES AS DOCTOR, TURLOUGH, NYSSA, DEELA AND RENNOL EXIT THE BUBBLE)

DOCTOR:
(RE-ENTERING HALL) Turlough, Deela, I need that Vault deactivated.

TURLOUGH:
You have a plan?

DOCTOR:
I have a wild hope at any rate.

RENNOL:
No! Nobody move!

DEELA:
Rennol, you heard the Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Put down the gun, Rennol. I need to see the Vault controls.

RENNOL:
(CRACKING) I put the last of my money into setting all this up. Hired spaceships, mercenaries...

DOCTOR:
And got at least one person killed on Vektris when Turlough was kidnapped.

NYSSA:
All because of your greed.

RENNOL:
How was I to know that would happen?

DOCTOR:
Now you'll die too, unless you put down the gun and let me get to the Vault controls.

RENNOL:
You're trying to trick me...

(FX: SCI-FI BLAP — RENNOL THROWN ASIDE BY POWERFUL FORCE)

RENNOL:
Arrgh!

(FX: CRASHES TO GROUND)

DEELA:

(FX: RUSHING OVER) Rennol? (CHECKS) He's out cold. How did he jerk through the air like that?

NYSSA:

That was me. And this – generator tube, I think. It was on the floor.

TURLOUGH:

It came from your spaceship's gravity well. Tegan used it earlier, a little more bluntly.

DOCTOR:

Good, good. Now! (EXAMINING VAULT CONTROLS) The Vault controls...

DEELA:

Can't we tell it that you're our friends, you're not to be harmed?

DOCTOR:

This lash-up isn't fully compatible. It's left the Morass's command cortex riddled with function errors.

NYSSA:

It's been slowly driven insane. It can't listen to anyone.

TURLOUGH:

We didn't know... how could we have known?

DOCTOR:

I need to get to work. Turlough, Deela, I need you to shut down the Vault – if you wouldn't mind...?

(TURLOUGH AND DEELA PERFORM A PERFUNCTORY KISS. INVERSE ACTIVATION FX AS VAULT POWERS DOWN)

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

DEELA (QUIET):

Vizz...

TURLOUGH:

Don't touch me.

DEELA:

You've got to believe me, since seeing you again...

TURLOUGH:

Don't.

(FX: FROM CORRIDOR, WE HEAR THE APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, REPEATED PHRASES OF FACSIMILES, AS BEFORE)

TURLOUGH:

Listen. The Morass is coming.

NYSSA:

(SHUDDERS) So many...

DOCTOR:

Turlough, Deela, stand in the doorway. The facsimiles won't try to hurt you. Nyssa, you must use the generator tube to keep them out until I can finish rewiring the system.

NYSSA:

But the generator's almost out of power.

DOCTOR:

It's all we've got! Now, where's Rennol's communicator...?

DEELA:

(PASSING COMMUNICATOR) Here.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (FX: BLEEP!)

(FX: CUT TO:)

77. INT. POWER JUNCTION

(FX: MORASS FACSIMILES APPROACHING IN B/G, REPEATED PHRASES AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

(VIA COMMS) Tegan? Are you receiving me?

TEGAN:

(INTO COMMS) Doctor, thank heavens. The Morass is on to us. Dozens of those dead-eyed monsters. They've got us trapped!

(FX: CUT BACK TO:)

78: INT. GREAT HALL

DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Stand by, Tegan. Won't be long now. Doctor out.
(FX: COMMS BLEEP) (MUTTERS) Not enough time, not nearly enough.

NYSSA:

Doctor? What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

Disconnect the dimensional vault from the security circuit, so the Morass has nothing to guard – and therefore no further purpose.

NYSSA:

But if it's been driven mad, if it's not acting rationally...

DOCTOR:

Then it'll slaughter us all.

(FX: MORASS NOW AT THE DOOR, REPEATING SNATCHES OF CATACOMB-SPEECH)

TURLOUGH:

(CALLING BACK) Doctor, they're here!

DOCTOR:

Hold them back! I need more time to sever the circuit.

DEELA:

(TO MORASS) You know me! Back! Get back-!!!

(FX: SMASHING WINDOW TO ONE SIDE. MORE MORASS FACSIMILES CLAWING THEIR WAY IN)

TURLOUGH:

Now they're coming through the broken windows!

NYSSA:

(RUNNING OVER TO WINDOW) Don't worry, I've still got the generator tube –

(FX: BLAP! AND MORASS SQUELCH)

NYSSA:

There! I increased the gravity.

DOCTOR:

(WORKING FRANTICALLY AT CONTROLS) The circuit's not responding. Oh, for my sonic screwdriver...

TEGAN:

(VIA COMMS) Doctor? What's keeping you?!?

DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Tegan, keep standing by.

DEELA:

Can't we all hide in the Bubble?

DOCTOR:

(WORKING) I can't reopen it until I've finished the rewiring. And we can hardly abandon Tegan and Hoss.

NYSSA:

This generator tube's almost completely drained.

TURLOUGH:

If Deela and I could get off-world, Doctor, might it not have the same effect as removing the vault? With nothing to protect, the Morass would fall dormant.

DOCTOR:

In its current condition, that's possible.

DEELA:

It's no use. We'd never get past those things and back to the spaceship before they'd killed you all.

RENNOL:

(GETTING UP) Then again — there's more than one way to leave the planet.

TURLOUGH:

Decided to rejoin the party, have you, Rennol?

DEELA:

Rennol? You can't be serious.

RENNOL:

Please, Deela. You and Turlough would be sacrificing yourselves for the greater good.

TURLOUGH:

Deela, come back here with me, he means it. He'll kill you.

DOCTOR:

(STILL WORKING) Rennol, don't be a fool. I must complete the severance. You're wasting everyone's time.

RENNOL:

You can't help us! You only talk!

(FX: ANOTHER WINDOW SHATTERS. MORE FACSIMILES)

NYSSA:
More of them!

TURLOUGH:
Then use the tube!!!

NYSSA:
Power's dead, sorry.

DOCTOR:
(FRANTIC WORK) Nearly there...

DEELA:
Rennol, please – point the gun at the Morass, not us!

RENNOL:
Deela. Sweet Deela. If you just leave this world...

DEELA:
You won't fire. You wouldn't hurt me... I know you...

(FX: PISTOL BLAST)

DEELA:
(CRIES OUT AS SHE'S HIT)

TURLOUGH:
Deela!!

(DEELA SLUMPS TO FLOOR)

NYSSA:
Rennol, what have you – [done]

DOCTOR:
... Done it! (INTO COMMS) Tegan, Hoss –

(FX: CUT TO:)

79. INT. POWER JUNCTION

(FX: CLAMOUR OF FACSIMILES)

DOCTOR:

(VIA COMMS) ... put the scrambler unit up against the fronds in the ceiling.

TEGAN:

Finally.

HOSS:

You heard the man. Switch on!

(FX: HIGH PITCHED SCRAMBLED WHINE. HARD CUT TO:)

80. INT. GREAT HALL

(FX: FACSIMILES GROANING, OFF)

DEELA:

(DYING) Vizz? Are you there, Vizz?

DOCTOR:

Rennol! Give me the gun... It's over.

TURLOUGH

I'm here, Deela. Nyssa, help me!

NYSSA:

She's been shot in the chest. I don't think we can help her.

RENNOL:

Get away from her, Turlough. (BEAT) I said, get away!

DOCTOR:

And I said - It's over.

RENNOL:

No! The Morass, it's still coming! We've got to kill the boy too, don't you see!?

DEELA:

(DYING) Can we go back, Vizz? Back to our bubble...?

TURLOUGH:

(TENDER) Let's see. (HE KISSES HER)

(FX: VAULT ACTIVATES TO ONE SIDE)

NYSSA:

The Vault - it's open!

RENNOL:

It's safe in there. It's safe!!! (BOLTS FOR IT)

DOCTOR:

No, Rennol! Don't go in, you don't understand—!

(FX: SIZZLE AS RENNOL ENTERS VAULT)

RENNOL:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Safe!!! I'm safe-!!!

(FX: A CRACKLING POWER SURGE FROM VAULT)

RENNOL:

(SCREAMS...)

(FX: ... CUT OFF SUDDENLY BY VAULT 'CLOSING')

(FX: MORASS RASPS ITS LAST. ITS FACSIMILES FALL APART, AS EARLIER)

(BEAT. THE SILENCE SHOULD BE RINGING — A FEW SECONDS)

TURLOUGH:

Deela. Stay with me. Deela!!!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Turlough.

NYSSA:

So sorry.

TURLOUGH:

(HOARSE) Sorry? (THEN HARDER) Why are you sorry? She's dead, isn't she?

(FX: COMMS CRACKLE INTO LIFE)

TEGAN:

(VIA COMMS) Doctor? Are you there? It's all gone quiet down here.

HOSS:

(VIA COMMS) The facsimiles have melted to slush. Now what about Kanch?

DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Hoss, Tegan, wait there. I'll come to get you — then we can try to revive Kanch.

HOSS:

Try? But the Morass is dead. Kanch will be all right...?

DOCTOR:

I... There may be some ill-effects.

HOSS:

I was after a change of career... (SNORTS) Nursemaid wasn't exactly what I had in mind. (BEAT) Hoss out.

(FX: COMMS BEEP OFF)

NYSSA:

Doctor. You managed to sever the power link between the vault and the catacombs?

DOCTOR:

I reversed it. Routed the Morass's power supply into the vault and switched the Vault to encompass Kanch instead – isolating him from the system.

NYSSA:

The Morass couldn't cope with disruption on that scale?

DOCTOR:

So it would seem.

NYSSA:

But how did you create a power supply in the Vault?

DOCTOR:

Rennol supplied it just by running inside.

NYSSA:

So he became the battery, instead of Kanch?

DOCTOR:

I was going to enter the Vault myself. I might just have been able to disentangle myself from the system shutdown in the aftermath. But Rennol, I'm afraid..

TURLOUGH:

Then it's over.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I, er – I'd better find Tegan and Hoss. (HE LEAVES.)

TURLOUGH:

What do you think, Nyssa? Is Rennol dead? Or is he still trapped inside?

NYSSA:

I hope he's dead.

TURLOUGH:

I don't.

81. EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

(FX: FADE UP. FROM OFF, HOSS'S SPACESHIP LAUNCHING, AS IN PART ONE)

DOCTOR:

Ah, Tegan. There go Hoss and Kanch.

TEGAN:

Good riddance.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't know. Experiences like they've had today can change people.

TEGAN:

Well, I don't think Kanch will ever be the same again. Which can only be an improvement.

DOCTOR:

(REPROVING) Tegan!

TEGAN:

All right. Just so long as they don't go back to Vektris for their rest cure. (BEAT) Can we get going now?

DOCTOR:

Yes. The TARDIS interior should have stabilised. Although I rather think the console needs a complete overhaul...

TEGAN:

I know how it feels.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'd better familiarise myself with the controls of Rennol's flyer. (PAUSE) Will Turlough be joining us, do you think?

TEGAN:

Nyssa's gone to see.

82. INT. PALACE: GREAT HALL

NYSSA:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Turlough? We'll be going soon.

TURLOUGH:

Will we... (PAUSE) You know, Deela and I used to lie in that vault and talk about the future. Dreaming what we'd do when we got away. When we were free.

(NYSSA SITS BESIDE HIM)

NYSSA:

Now that I'm older, I don't like to talk about the future so much. But I still dream about it. (PAUSE) I have another life now, Turlough. People I'm close to, who are waiting for me. And yet here I am... back travelling. Back being free.

TURLOUGH:

The future didn't turn out quite as you planned.

NYSSA:

Not quite. And you can't turn back the clock, not even with the Doctor. But there's always another future out there, Turlough – that's what the Doctor gives us. Hope for the future, when you're ready to find it.

(SHE GETS UP)

NYSSA:

By the way... the Doctor doesn't know anything about your old life on Trion. And Tegan won't tell. You can move on with your secrets safe. Till you choose to share them.

(SHE LEAVES. TURLOUGH IS ALONE)

TURLOUGH:

I'm never sharing anything. Ever again.

83. EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

TEGAN:

(WALKING UP) Hi, Nyssa. I was just on my way to find you. Is Turlough coming?

NYSSA:

I think so. And I think we should let all that's happened here... remain here.

TEGAN:

Freezing over.

NYSSA:

Like the catacombs. Like the palace.

TEGAN:

Like Turlough.

END OF PART FOUR

APPENDIX: LINES FOR 'MORASS ARMY' SCENES IN PARTS THREE & FOUR

MORASS [SCENE 27]:

Going to war footing. Prepare for absorption.

MORASS [SCENE 30]:

War footing. [...] Invaders. Morass. Absorbing.

MORASS [SCENE 39]:

Treasure must be saved.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 27]:

Hello? Is anyone there?

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

Cold. Wet.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 43]:

My fingers. Burning. It's alright, fuss and nonsense.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 30]:

... 'absorbing morass'.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 46]:

Don't push me away.

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 34]:

Are we under attack?

MORASS-NYSSA [SCENE 36]:

Poor creature, he's dead.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 30]:

The ice in these catacombs would seem to have some rather interesting properties.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 30]:

Feel the ice.

MORASS-DOCTOR [SCENE 36]:

It's boiling out of him.

MORASS [SCENE 34]:

Absorbing. Morass, I shall be. Morass, we shall be. Morass, they shall be.

MORASS-KANCH [SCENE 46]:

Don't forget me, sweets.